

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CHRONICLE.

THE House of Lords devoted a second afternoon to the Land Purchase Bill on Friday week, and read it a second time without a division. The debate was summed up by Lord SALISBURY in his best minimizing manner, the Bill being presented merely as an attempt to assure to Ireland "that well-known sheet-anchor of social stability known as 'peasant-proprietorship.'" This way of putting things is always effective, and, of course, it would be as wicked to doubt sheet-anchors as to speak disrespectfully of the North Pole itself. It is true there are hopeless sceptics who think they have, in France and elsewhere, seen the sheet-anchor drag very notably. But then these same persons are not afraid to doubt the panacea of education, think Free-trade a question as arguable as any other, and are altogether a set of godless pyrrhonists. The unanswerable argument for the Land Bill, which, of course, Lord SALISBURY did not fail also to put, is that other legislation, which it is unnecessary to name, has made something like it the only alternative to a hopeless deadlock. The Commons spent their whole evening on the Public Health (London) Bill, and got it read a third time.

On Monday the House of Lords discussed once more the fees on the appointment of Bishops, read the Factories Bill a second time, and devoted some attention to a well-meant, but rather dubious, measure called the Slander of Women Bill. The House of Commons had a field night on the Education Bill, the immediate "dependence" being an instruction of Mr. FOWLER's empowering the Committee to provide local control in districts where there is no Board School. Although both the mover and his supporters indignantly repudiated the charge (made more than once during the debate) that this was in effect an attempt to reverse the second reading division by a side stroke, there is no doubt that the charge is true. The debate was a tolerably good one, the opening and closing pairs—Mr. FOWLER and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. MUNDELLA—showing very fairly, and the intermediate inevitables being not too tedious. The division rejected the instruction by 267 to 166, a very fair House at this time of year, and a larger majority than the Ministerialists had a right to expect.

On Tuesday the House of Lords weighed cattle, pumped brine, and bestowed attention on schools of art and slandered women. A fight took place during private business time in the Lower House over the Bournemouth Cemetery Bill, which was opposed, but read a second time, by 182 to 70, the point of discord being the reasonableness of inclosing common land for the purpose. After some other business the Education Bill came on again, and the SPEAKER, having massacred several instructions out of hand (the modern instruction is, however, by no means usually an innocent, but rather himself a "smiler with the knife beneath the cloak"), reserved one of Mr. SUMMERS's moving for more deliberate execution. This, the object being the raising of standards for exemption, was accordingly debated and rejected by 186 to 133. But the Government, not altogether willingly, made concessions on other points. This will have the effect of wasting still more public money by extending the age limit, and is, as indeed the whole thing is, rather sickening.

The House of Commons gave up its Wednesday to the Education Bill, and the squeezableness of the Government on Tuesday had its natural result in the pressing, till Mr. SMITH at last put his foot down, of some extravagant amendments, such as Mr. SUMMERS's proposal to prevent religious teaching altogether, which frightened even Mr. PICTON, even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. A less extravagant, but even more impudent, suggestion from Mr. LLOYD

GEORGE (for whom we are rapidly conceiving a great affection, as for an invaluable example of *Nonconformitas sibi permissa*) proposed to exclude schools whose managers require any teacher to be a member of any particular religious denomination. In the course of debate on this, Lord CRANBORNE aroused the great souls of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to fury by simply asking why Nonconformists don't build schools for themselves if they are not satisfied with schools as they are? "Thus simply did Lord CRANBORNE ask, but answer came there 'none. Because, you see, it was impossible to render one.'"

In the House of Lords on Thursday the Land Purchase Bill passed (but not till midnight) through Committee, the most important amendment—a proposal of the Duke of ARGYLL's to restore the ordinary and rational relations of landlord and tenant in the case of owners under the Bill—being withdrawn. As Lord SALISBURY justly said, this return to the laws of common-sense and nature will come of itself all in good time. Lord WATERFORD's amendment in the matter of "exceptional distress" was divided on and rejected by 114 to 68. The Commons were less usefully occupied in not getting the Education Bill through its stage—a dilatoriness which, to some extent, serves the Government right.

Foreign One of the curious scenes which have recently
and Colonial been frequent in the Italian Chamber, especially
Affairs since the downfall of the masterful Signor CRISPI, occurred on Saturday, when the House, on the eve of its holiday, and without, as it would appear, any particular motive, save the desire for a breaking-up "lark," yelled, and apostrophized itself, and gesticulated, till the President put on his hat and thereby quelled it.—Some really important news came on Tuesday morning—words in which we do not refer to an elaborate piece of gossip by the *Times* Paris Correspondent about Count MÜNSTER and Prince BISMARCK, and the last-but-one and present German EMPERORS—the report of a conversation of which, as M. DE BLOWITZ says, with that inimitable gravity which is his great claim to attention, "the fact of publication proves 'that it is not of a confidential character.'" So might HODGE say, "This here hare can't a bin poached, ye know, 'cos I've got un in my hand." The really important news was that of the signing of the Triple Alliance for six years more, whereat there will be dule and teen in Paris, and eke at the burg of St. PETER or PETER. The Italian Premier, it seems, had spoken in the Senate, practically confirming the fact, and stating that a full understanding, though not an alliance, existed between Italy and England on the subject of the Mediterranean. Which is as it should be.—The "Whites of Spain" have been dining in France—which, alas! is about all they are good for.—HER MAJESTY has conferred a peerage of the United Kingdom on Lady MACDONALD, the widow of the late Canadian Premier, an act both agreeable and politic.—Vague, but ghastly, rumours of a reign of terror in the part of Chili subject to President BALMACEDA have been published, as well as further statements as to the curious plan of keeping Russia for the Russians by forcing all foreign "colonists" to nationalize or quit. It will be extremely curious to watch the success of this attempt, made simultaneously by democracy in America and despotism in Russia, to make a close preserve of a whole country.—Colonel BIDDULPH's appointment to the Political Agency in Beloochistan is a good one.—On Thursday morning it was announced that a very small instalment of the great Boer "trek" over the Limpopo had been tried, and stopped by the Company's police. Some more news arrived about the rather obscure abduction of an English girl in Kurdistan (Persian, not Turkish), as well as the report of a violation by President BALMACEDA's people of the English



Consulate at Valparaiso.—A Brazilian journalist has—but involuntarily, and at Vesuvius, not Etna—shared the fate of EMPEDOCLES.

American Copyright. The PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES has made the necessary proclamation for admitting Great Britain to what are called the benefits of the recent Copyright Act. As this Act was deliberately (and very properly) planned to secure the greatest possible advantage for citizens of the United States who happen to write, publish, print, and otherwise have to do with books, the flutter on this side as to what the PRESIDENT would do may seem to have been unnecessary, but we believe there was some difficulty.

Speeches, Meetings, &c. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke boisterously at Holloway on Saturday week, and Mr. PARNELL confided to an interviewer that he was at last happy, the peace of the registrar, which passeth all understanding, having at once crowned and sanctified his flame.—A very important discussion was held at the United Service Institution on national defence, and the House of Commons Committee on the London Water Bills decided against them.

Sport—The University Match. The Oxford and Cambridge match on Monday and Tuesday, after being looked on as a foregone conclusion, and justifying that expectation on the first day, ended with most unlooked for, though not unprecedented, interest. A first innings of 210 from Cambridge, with hardly half the number made by Oxford, and a consequent follow on, led to a second Oxford innings, which, though "vicissitudinous," almost equalled the first Cambridge total. Still this left only ninety to be got by what is unquestionably one of the best elevens of the year, and Oxford men at a distance went to dinner expecting to hear of a defeat by seven or eight wickets. Instead of this Cambridge won by two wickets only.—On the first day of the Newmarket July Meeting, Flyaway won the July Stakes from Goldfinch, who had rather been expected to come in first of the two. On Wednesday, in the Zetland Plate, Lord CALTHORPE's Versifier was too hard for Peter Flower, and won easily.—The four-handed tennis-match between the Universities went, on Wednesday, to Cambridge by three sets to two.

The Law Courts. The case of STUART v. BARING provided an interesting, if not novel, illustration of the system according to which money is gathered by old wise men and scattered by young fools with a regularity as beautiful as the phenomena of rainfall.—Two very interesting cases were decided last Friday week, the *Great Eastern* case—COOMBS v. BARBER—being likely to be long remembered as a test case in the matter of the giving of evidence by accused persons. The defendant, by simply going into the box, succeeded, to the satisfaction of judge, jury, and the plaintiffs themselves, in clearing himself of an imputation on which, being criminally indicted, he had actually suffered a month's imprisonment.—The man PARKINSON, the County Councillor, the "Purity" animal, who went to the Aquarium to see indecency, and saw it, had a verdict found against him for 250*l.*, subject to certain purely technical questions of privilege, &c.; and DUNN v. BRUCE—a curious case, involving the right to a large quantity of presumably stolen platinum—was decided in favour of the plaintiff.—Some very satisfactory sentences were passed on the Omnibus strikers by Sir PETER EDLIN on Wednesday; another architect's case was part heard; and the curious personal and pecuniary dispute of KITTOE v. DREW was settled by a verdict for the defendant, and some rather sharp remarks on the plaintiff by Mr. Justice MATHEW.

Miscellaneous. A decidedly sensible Special Report by the House of Commons Committee on the terminus part of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire scheme was published at the end of last week; the Committee expressing its opinion that no new terminus scheme should be entertained without a general reconsideration of the terminus system of London generally. This ought to have been done long ago, when it could have been done with comparative ease and cheapness.—The retirement of Captain SHAW, who has brought the London Fire Brigade to a pitch of efficiency not exceeded by that of any capital in the world, was announced on Monday.—Sir HENRY BLAKE justified the Jamaica Exhibition; and Mr. PARNELL, not taking advantage of the merciful custom which used to exempt newly-married men from public functions, spoke at Carlow on Sunday.—A very interesting and important

report by the Westminster Abbey Commission was published early in the week. It strongly recommends the clearing of the Old Palace Yard site; less strongly something to be done with that site when cleared.—An important petition in favour of a Teaching University for London was presented to the Universities Committee of the Privy Council on Tuesday.—The London County Council almost, but not quite, agreed to have a band (to play soft music doubtless during Mr. PARKINSON's butterfly hunts).—New Tipperary, it was said, was offered for sale on Monday, and "four streets, one mart, and one weighing-machine" could be bought by any one who wished to set up a new town. "But not in Tipperary," we fancy that purchaser would say, consciously or unconsciously parodying HENRY CAREY. The report turned out to be a little premature. It is long since any profitable dealing was in the four streets, on the mart, or by the weighing-machine, and that implement has been "injuncted" by the Irish Courts. But New Tipperary is, it seems, still capable, in the eyes of Father HUMPHREYS, of being made "an embodiment in stone" and mortar [we thought it was chiefly corrugated iron "and screw-nuts"] of the vow to banish blood-stained land—"lordism," &c. "Set a stout heart to a steely brae," says the Scotch proverb. "Butter a beaten bully with a blather of bombast" seems to be the Irish alliteration.—Mr. BALFOUR addressed persons in the employ of the South-Eastern and Metropolitan Railway Companies, on Monday, on the subject of thrift, and made them a very good speech. For ourselves, we are inclined to think that a man is born thrifty or thriftless as he is born poetical or unpoetical. But you can write very decent verse without being born a poet, and you may possibly amass a tolerable *magot* without having the innate cult of the stocking.—The official programme of the Naval Manœuvres for this year was published on Thursday.

Obituary. Miss MOZLEY, whose death was reported early in the week, belonged to a family of remarkable literary acquirement, and had, in an unpretentious way, done excellent literary work herself, her services to Cardinal NEWMAN in the way of editing being fresh in all memories.

A new opera, by Messrs. DANCE and SOLOMON, *The Natch Girl*, was brought out with sufficient success at the Savoy on Tuesday.

A CANADIAN PEERESS.

THE elevation of the widow of Sir JOHN MACDONALD to the peerage of the United Kingdom is a becoming acknowledgment of the services of a statesman who, though he laboured in Canada, and primarily for Canada, yet deserved well of the whole Empire. Sir JOHN MACDONALD holds a place in the front rank of those servants of the Crown and of his country who have illustrated the Victorian period of our national history. Possibly greater force of character and a greater capacity of constructive statesmanship are needed by men who direct the energies and give shape to the constitutional development of a young and growing community than by those who carry on the traditions of an elder society. A freer initiative is required there than is needed here. With us the channel is buoyed and a well-understood rule of the road prevails. There the navigator goes sounding on a dimmer and more perilous way. Rougher treatment and less fastidious methods are excusable, and even necessary, than would be justifiable or tolerable in older communities. It would be as unfair to judge Sir JOHN MACDONALD by the puritanical doctrines of English statesmanship at the end of the nineteenth century as to apply the standard of our days to the political conduct of WALPOLE. Geography and chronology are often morally equivalent. Sir JOHN MACDONALD had to make a nation, and to guard it when made; and, if he had been superior to the political morality of his continent, he would have abandoned the field to men who sought worse ends by means not better.

The peeresses of the United Kingdom in their own right are raised to six by Lady MACDONALD's accession to their number. Three of them go back to the third, fifth, and sixth HENRIES—that is, to the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; the other three, including Lady MACDONALD herself, are of the present reign. In modern times, the wives of eminent statesmen have been raised to the peerage during their husbands' lives, as was the case with Lady HESTER PITT, created Baroness CHATHAM, and Mrs.

DISRAELI, created Viscountess BEACONSFIELD, in anticipation of larger honours, in which their wives' titles were destined to be merged, to those statesmen themselves, when the repose of the Upper Chamber became acceptable or necessary to them. We can scarcely include in this list the barony of STRATHEDEN, which the importunity of Sir JOHN CAMPBELL extorted for his wife from the Whig Government, in compensation for the appointment of the Solicitor-General to the Chancellorship of England over his superior Attorney-General head. This remarkable and, in the history of the rise and progress of Law Officers of the Crown, unique instance of successful pertinacity survives in the combination of the baronies of STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL in the person of a peer not wholly unknown to the Parliamentary reports. Lady MACDONALD's peerage is not of this kind. It has not, like that of CHATHAM and BEACONSFIELD, rewarded her husband's services during his life, and anticipated his own elevation to a similar or higher dignity. Like the Viscounty conferred on the widow of CANNING, it is a posthumous tribute. A similar proposal was made to the widow of Sir ROBERT PEEL on the death of her husband, but declined by her in deference, as it was understood at the time, to the statesman's declared sense that his services had been amply rewarded in the confidence of successive sovereigns. It is curious to speculate what would have happened to the present Sir ROBERT PEEL if he had, at a comparatively early age, been subjected to the chastening and sobering influence of the House of Lords. It is not difficult to conceive him as a sort of periodically recurring Lord Privy Seal, or Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—an indispensable part of the furniture of alternate Cabinets, and the subject of conjectures as to the great things he would have done if fate had only consented to his remaining in the Commons.

Among actual, and probably among all former, peeresses in their own right, the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS alone owes her rank to her own individual merits, and not to the reflected services of others. Her peerage is personally as honourable to her as the peerages of warrior or statesman. In olden times, the husbands of peeresses in their own rights were summoned to the House of Lords. Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, who died a martyr, and was not FALSTAFF, was Lord CORHAM because his wife was Baroness CORHAM. It is not likely that this usage will be revived in honour of Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS, nor, so long as he keeps a Unionist seat for Westminster, is it desirable that it should be. Bishop STUBBS says that there is no instance of a peeress in her own right being summoned to Parliament. "There are instances of countesses, baronesses, and abbesses being summoned to send proxies, or to furnish their military service, but not to attend Parliament as peeresses." But proxies have been abolished, and in the later times to which they extended a peeress's proxy was not allowed. That peeresses were obliged to furnish military service, without having the right of sitting among the peers, only shows how imperfectly the principles of MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT were, as they still are, understood.

To return to Lady MACDONALD. Though Sir JOHN MACDONALD left children—the eldest of whom is a member of the Legislature of the Dominion—they were borne to him by a former wife, and could not, except by special remainder, inherit the peerage conferred upon the present Lady MACDONALD. As a rule, hereditary peerages seem now to be conferred chiefly upon people who have no heirs. That is the all but essential qualification. In the case of Lady MACDONALD, the peerage can only be a gracious acknowledgment of great services rendered to the Crown and the Empire. In other cases, if the precedent set in the instance of Lord MOUNT-STEPHEN is followed, they may be made the means of introducing into Parliament a more direct representation of colonial feelings and ideas than now find their way there. A colonial peer need not cease to be a colonist. He may have his country house in the neighbourhood of Ottawa or Toronto, and his town house in Belgrave Square or Carlton Gardens. Practically, Canada is not so far from London now as Northumberland, to say nothing of Caithness or Sunderland, was a hundred years ago. If colonial peerages were more frequent there would be some gain probably in a better understanding of colonial views and interests, and there would be a still greater gain in the increased cordiality of feeling which the recognition of the title of colonists to the highest honours in the gift of the Crown would foster.

THE CLOWN AND THE COUNCILLOR.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS has not yet decided the important question whether a County Councillor at the hearing of a licensing appeal has an absolute or only a qualified privilege—whether he may say what he likes, or whether he is only protected in saying what he ought. So far as the law of libel or slander is concerned, members of Parliament in either House, together with judges, counsel, and witnesses during the trial of a cause, are at liberty to make statements which they know to be untrue. If County Councillors, acting in place of magistrates at Quarter Sessions, can do the same, then the proprietors of the Aquarium will have to surrender the damages which they have recovered from Mr. W. C. PARKINSON, L.C.C. Mr. PARKINSON, who is solemnly rebuked by a contemporary for having brought discredit upon a noble name, is not a frequenter of theatres and music-halls. He disapproves of such resorts, though he will not go so far as to say that he would close them altogether. But, as a member of the McDougallite persuasion, he thought it his duty to visit the Westminster Aquarium and witness the performances of BARNARD's Marionettes. It is possible that the good man came prepared for a shock to his feelings. It is even conceivable that he would have gone home slightly disappointed if he had seen nothing which he could call improper. But people of Mr. PARKINSON's kidney seldom meet with disappointment. Eminent physiologists and psychologists have laid down the doctrine that the eye sees what it expects to see, and have even hinted that many a respectable family ghost owes its origin, on the evidence in its favour, to this phenomenon. Mr. PARKINSON was able, and partially willing, to tell his colleagues on the Council what he thought he saw. He is a very intelligent man, and he kindly makes allowance for those not equally gifted. He described the Japanese figures he had seen with great accuracy and in much detail. "They were not living figures, but exceedingly large automata, and the talk was provided, of course, 'by some one who was invisible.'" There is no deceiving Mr. W. C. PARKINSON. He knows that, whatever appearances may be, automata cannot talk—unless, indeed, as some hold, we are all automata, and do not what we will, but what we must. You would not catch Mr. PARKINSON buying a Punch and Judy show under the impression that he would have a number of interesting and agreeable companions. But Mr. W. C. PARKINSON observed one of these figures (a female figure) perform a "most indecent action," and he offered to tell any gentleman privately exactly what it was.

This attractive proposal does not seem to have been accepted by any of Mr. W. C. PARKINSON's colleagues. So he kept his information in his own bosom until he had to lay it before twelve gentlemen publicly. Unfortunately, they were not impressed with Mr. W. C. PARKINSON's accuracy of observation, and found a verdict for the plaintiffs. Unhappily for Mr. W. C. PARKINSON, when the dolls were produced in Court they proved to be clown and pantaloons, and there was no female figure at all. Captain MOLESWORTH's account of the performance is as follows:—"They try to catch a sham butterfly which comes down. 'It sits on the pantaloons' head. The clown tries to kill it 'with a spade, and knocks the pantaloons down. He gets 'up. The clown sees the butterfly on the ground; he sits 'down, or tries to sit down, upon it. The butterfly escapes 'again. The clown says, 'I have got it.' The pantaloons 'says, 'Where is it, JOEY?' The clown then kicks the 'pantaloons in the eye.' Such are the pleasures which make life intolerable, and which would drive some men to the gin palace or to the House of Commons when Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY is speaking. But where does the indecency come in? That is what Mr. W. C. PARKINSON failed to show. He was obliged to admit that he might have been mistaken, and his counsel vindicated his integrity at the expense of his understanding. The jury, however, held that the charge was so reckless as to be malicious, and cast Mr. W. C. PARKINSON in damages to the tune of two hundred and fifty pounds. If Mr. W. C. PARKINSON were a reader of ARISTOPHANES, he might have had in his mind the famous passage when STREPSIADES is asked the innocent, intellectual question *τίς ἐστιν;* and replies in a manner which would not now be permitted on any stage. It is more probable that he wanted a story which would justify his dislike for places of public amusement, and that he interpreted the antics of a

puppet by the imagination of a purity-monger. It is possible to find indecency in almost anything, as M. ZOLA's novels are enough to show. Mr. HORSLEY thinks a nude figure on canvas improper. Other philosophers consider it indelicate to talk about the naked eye. WORDSWORTH is reported to have condemned for indecency the first line of KEATS'S *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. Mr. W. C. PARKINSON would have shuddered at Mr. MICAWBER'S apologetic allusion to Mrs. MICAWBER'S sea legs.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

THE "Triplice," as it is called for shortness by the not very large but exceedingly loud party which hates it in Italy, is at last out of danger—

Our witnesses the Cook and Groom,
We signed the lease for seven years more,

as Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, with sublime simplicity, sings or says somewhere. It was for six years, not seven, in this present instance, and the witnesses were perhaps of higher station ("grand Domestics" in Byzantine language) than those referred to by HONORIA'S lover; but the one thing appears to have passed with little more fuss than the other. The Emperor WILLIAM, whom we may not call of Germany, himself seems to have informed the press and the world how it was done. He did it in the cabin of the *Cobra* yacht, on the waves of his good river Elbe, and as he was beginning one of those curious pantopragmatic tours of his which was and is to take him to dandle the first German baby at Heligoland, to visit Holland, to honour ourselves with one of his not wholly rare appearances, to review at Wimbledon, to race at Cowes, and to make excursions to the Hebrid Isles. Although there is, perhaps, a little ostentation about it (a quality usually not far distant from this active young gentleman's proceedings), there is good precedent for getting an important stroke of work off on the very eve of starting for a holiday. It imparts a sense of virtue to the soul:—and whether or not we agree with those estimable moralists who say that to be virtuous is to be happy, it is unquestionable that to feel virtuous gives very considerable satisfaction.

The advantages of the Triple Alliance to two of the nations concerned are so great and obvious, that there never could have been any doubt as to their readiness to renew it. On the part of the third, the actual advantages are not much less, and the chief question was whether the excessively noisy opponents of the alliance in Italy would be able to follow up their overthrow of Signor CRISPI by overthrowing the understanding which it was Signor CRISPI'S chief act to have brought about. If noise and clamour both in Parliament and out of it could have done the thing, it would, as all readers of "Foreign Intelligence" know, have been done. If that curious and complete indifference to the real welfare of the country, as contrasted with the material interests of certain classes and individuals in it, which is becoming more and more the characteristic of democracy in England and elsewhere, could have done it, it would have been done. But luckily for Europe these influences have not sufficed, and, barring the unforeseen, Europe may be said to have taken a new six years' lease of peace. It is doubtful whether, England keeping her present free but well-understood position, France and Russia could with any chance of success break that peace, and it is very improbable, indeed, that they would (with the same exception) attempt it. Had the Alliance not been concluded afresh, it would have been taken as broken; and a new period of constant alarm would have ensued. As far as England is more particularly concerned the fact is also satisfactory. We are friends with those Powers with whom it is our special interest to be friendly, and with ourselves they are strong enough to play policeman to the others. No sensible Englishman desires to be anything but friendly with France and Russia, too. But Russia must change (as, indeed, she easily could if she would) her whole course and aim before that is possible. Everybody who is not either wholly ignorant or wholly blinded by political prejudice knows that a thorough and sincere friendship with France is impossible for a much graver reason. It is not because there is any great conflict of interests between the two countries—there is none that with good will and common-sense on both sides might not be adjusted with ease. It is not because of any ill will on England's side. It is because of the ineradicable enmity to England which exists in the best Frenchmen as well as in the worst. They cannot help it if they would, and we suspect they

would not if they could. This is, no doubt, deplorable, but it is the fact; a fact apparently unalterable by any amount of good will and good humour on our side—which things, indeed, are comparatively powerless against the galling effects of continuous successful rivalry for six or seven hundred years. There is no hopeless fact of this kind, nor any troublesome, if not hopeless, one like the designs of Russia in the East, in the way of our friendship with any member of the Triple Alliance. Probably none of those members has an ardent affection for us—we fear that this country, like Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S heart, "to be long loved was never framed." But we can get on well enough with one of them, and very amicably and agreeably with the other two. And that is quite enough as business partnerships go in this world.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IT is not often that a Royal Commission comes to so lame a conclusion as that reached by the Commission on Westminster Abbey. It is signed by all the members; but a rider to their verdict is added by Sir A. H. LAYARD, Sir F. LEIGHTON, and Dean BRADLEY. The questions mainly before the Commission resolved themselves into one:—Where shall we find a site for the extension of the burial accommodation of the Abbey church? It was complicated by a dozen considerations of more or less importance, the most important being but slightly noticed. Burial in Westminster Abbey must be burial in Westminster Abbey and nowhere else. Burial in Abingdon Street or in Dean's Yard will not be the same thing. Pulling down Ashburnham House—which most people of taste would regard as not much less criminal than pulling down the Chapel of HENRY VII.—will do nothing towards answering the objects of the inquiry. A chapel, divided from the old church by the Cloisters, the Dark Cloisters, and the Infirmary Cloisters, will not be the same as the Abbey; and, though it might lead to the destruction of the last relics of the architecture of EDWARD the Confessor, which is apparently almost as much the object of the present authorities as the removal of Ashburnham House, it would not advance the matter a single step. By "authorities" here we must not be understood to reflect in any way on the heads of the school, who have taken far better care of Ashburnham House than was ever taken by the Chapter. It might, no doubt, be a good thing to pull down the Abingdon Street houses; but no building in modern Gothic on their site will answer in the popular imagination to Westminster Abbey. Building in the space between the south walk of the Cloister and Ashburnham House will involve the destruction of this relic of INIGO'S work, and the destruction also of what remains of the Refectory and the Misericorde. Moreover, it is open to the same objections as those to the Abingdon Street site. It is not, and never will be, "the Abbey." This scheme seems to be most favoured by the Commissioners, but is that dissented from by the appenders of the rider we have mentioned. Mr. PEARSON favoured the Abingdon Street site, and was supported by the opinions formerly expressed by Sir GILBERT SCOTT and Mr. FERGUSON. Mr. SOMERS CLARKE made a somewhat similar suggestion, but brought his new building into closer connexion with the Abbey, rightly perceiving that this is the real question—namely, how far the addition can be made part of the Church itself. Mr. CLARKE'S views were strongly supported by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who, however, through illness, was not at the final sittings of the Commission. Unquestionably, if Mr. SOMERS CLARKE or any one else can show us how, without too much disturbance of the existing structure, a new one can be added to it, and, to use Mr. CLARKE'S own word, "incorporated" with it, the difficulty is at once resolved.

A proposal was also made, but very speedily dismissed, that a new aisle should be added on the north side of the nave. This building would necessarily destroy and overshadow all the Edwardian work on that side, and would ruin the best view of the Abbey. Mr. SEDDON and Mr. HARVEY and the late Mr. TARVER proposed "a wreath of chapels" to surround the Chapter House, a picturesque idea; for the great naked buttresses ought, if possible, to be concealed, and these chapels might serve to conceal them effectually and at the same time to strengthen the building. The scheme, nevertheless, does not seem to have found much favour with the Commission.

The conclusion is eminently unsatisfactory, except in one particular. It amounts to a verdict of "do nothing." This is perhaps best at present. We cannot wish for any more work at Westminster like the new north transept or the new Westminster Hall. We are not prepared to sacrifice Ashburnham House, to say nothing of the ruins of the Refectory, in order to provide a "Junior Abbey," in which it would be little honour to be buried. On the contrary, we would greatly prefer to let the question rest for the present, and meanwhile be a great deal more careful as to the graves to be dug and the monuments to be erected in the old church.

If it is necessary to keep a scheme before the public, let us recommend some competent architect and archaeologist to examine the site of the Almonry with a view to building on it. The ground west of the Abbey door is consecrated already. Here was the chapel of St. Anne, built by the mother of HENRY VII., and close by was the workshop of WILLIAM CAXTON at the sign of the Red Pale. The red granite pillar may be taken to mark the place. A chapel on the site of St. Anne's, parallel to and masking both the plain, low exterior of the Jerusalem Chamber and the not very pleasing front of the Dean's Yard houses and archway, would thus form a kind of restoration of the Almonry Court. It might be a continuation without any disfigurement of the north aisle, it would be part of the old Abbey church, would stand on ground anciently consecrated, and from the character of the western towers which would rise above it might be in any style of architecture which has ever prevailed in these islands. The court might be completed on the western side by a "restoration" of the Gate-house, the prison of RALEIGH, of which innumerable views exist, and which would greatly enhance the dignity and picturesqueness of the west front of the old church behind it. At present this site is empty, except for the Crimean pillar, and no harm to any one could be done by building on a part of it.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS ON POETRY.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS, whom we are happy to welcome among the critics, gives his opinions about the future of Modern Poetry in *Murray's Magazine*. In one way, at least, Mr. MORRIS may be regarded as naturally fitted to become a critic, and, as he does not disguise his dislike of other critics, he is clearly a true member of the brotherhood. "Poets love not poets, nor potters potters," nor critics critics, very often. Again, many things which Mr. MORRIS has to remark enjoy all the merit of novelty, we might almost say of *bizarrie*, while others have a respectable and popular antiquity. For example, "If the metre is irregular, as in the case of the great majority of poems which assume the ode-form, the poet is a law to himself, and should have at least as much latitude as was allowed to PINDAR." Here it may be observed, with no offence to living poets, that every one who writes in the ode-form does not necessarily possess the powers of PINDAR; while as to the latitude permitted to PINDAR, was that so very wide? Perhaps Professor JEBB, who can write Pindaric verse in Greek, is the best authority on this topic. We had certainly supposed that the Pindaric measures were as rigid in each case as they are complex. Mr. MORRIS also surprises us by regarding, in the main, the whole history of English poetical literature—since SHAKESPEARE, at any rate—as one of "splendid failures." This proves that Mr. MORRIS has a very high critical standard. We venture to think that what is really splendid can hardly be a failure, and the failures in English poetry with which we are most recently familiar are nothing less than splendid. They are usually futilities in drab, or commonplaces in tarnished tinsel. Our famous poets have failed, it seems, though splendidly, because they have chosen bad subjects, or subjects which Mr. MORRIS thinks bad. *Paradise Lost* has not a good subject; SPENSER "threw himself away" over the abstractions of the *Faery Queen*. That work has been called the poem for poets; but critics, of course, have a right to their own ideas, and Mr. MORRIS may naturally, perhaps inevitably, differ from KEATS and SCOTT. POPE "wasted great gifts" on "the frivolous *Rape of the Lock*"; his best work, indeed, and that which he was best fitted by nature to do. Then, turning to modern times, Mr. MORRIS finds that the Arthurian

legends are "somewhat provincial." This, from a Welshman, is unpatriotic, and we venture to think it inaccurate. The hero whose renown tempted MILTON and DRYDEN, whose fame went through the world in Old French, was hardly, perhaps, provincial—unless, indeed, ACHILLES of LARISSA and ROLAND of the Breton marches were provincial too. Thebes was quite a little place; so was Troy; and Camelot may have been no bigger. Indeed, when Mr. MORRIS is at it, why does he not regret HOMER's choice of provincial topics? Mr. MORRIS appears, again, to be original in his opinion that poetry needs not to consist of the best words, as far as its form goes, in the best places. "Writers who have something to say," and who "care little for word-painting," find it "a little hard" to be perpetually reminded that, "if an adjective is to be used, it must be 'always the best possible.'" But no poet needs to be reminded of this. He may not use the best adjective, but he knows that, so far as he misses it, he fails. Not for him is that Virgilian felicity:—

All the charm of all the Muses
Flowering often in some lonely word.

A poet who did not, as a rule, hit the right word would, of course, be no poet at all, would have neither charm, nor magic, nor distinction, nor spirituality, nor music. The right word is so much the essence of poetry that all translations of poetry are, more or less, failures. They tell the story without the song; hence Mr. ARNOLD's theory that they should be written in humble prose. We do not think that any great poet will be bored by reminders that he should use "the best words," as COLERIDGE says—in fact, that his poems should be poetical. Any words which distract the attention from the narrative, whereof Mr. MORRIS complains in the Laureate's case, are, of course, manifestly not the best words. But we cannot hold that perfect felicity, as in VIRGIL and SHAKESPEARE, as in KEATS often, and in all great poets, does distract the attention. If it does, we shall always have plenty of versifiers who do not distract us in that particular way. Yet it does not appear to us that any one in his senses asks poets not to be "natural." We only ask them to have the poetic nature, which is dissatisfied where its work is flat and commonplace and conventional. To be conventional, commonplace, flat is not "natural" to poets; they would, if really poets, be untrue to their nature in exact proportion to their lack of felicity, of all that is beautiful, rare, and, to the majority of writers, inaccessible. Who can tell how far SHAKESPEARE "meditated" the Muse, how far his style was absolutely spontaneous? We know that VIRGIL "meditated," we guess that his magic art was not won without choice and selection. It is highly probable, after all, that these are really Mr. MORRIS's own ideas; for he insists on the necessity for terseness, that "the half is greater than the whole." But many writers must construct the whole before they can cut it down to the half—a process in which an author, if he have any genius, is likely to be forced to consider what words are the best, as some authors, it seems, dislike being reminded to do.

These are examples of Mr. MORRIS's originality. There is nothing original in slaying the slain—*ballades* and *trioletts*—in the name of poetry; nor is it necessary to perform this execution on harmless poetical diversions. They were never more, in English, than an exercise in *vers de société*; and, when the players were tired of their toys, they threw their toys away. It was never imagined that even the middle classes would think them poetical, for the aberrations of *bourgeois* taste rove into quite different directions. Mr. MORRIS's knowledge of modern languages enables him to pronounce that French is the one European tongue in which "poetry is well-nigh impossible." But this is not a strange nor original idea; plenty of Englishmen hold this opinion, in itself so highly diverting. CHAUCER was not of Mr. MORRIS's mind, nor was EDMUND SPENSER. There is, however, no sense in arguing with critics who regard the speech of the *Song of Roland*, of the *Pastourelles*, of DU BELLAY, of RACINE, of CHÉNIER and MUSSET, of HUGO and GAUTIER, as unpoetical. M. LEMAITRE says things like that, in French, about English poetry; Mr. MORRIS says them, in English, about French poetry; it is as if either critic were deaf of one ear.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that Mr. MORRIS anticipates much from what seems to be a kind of novel of modern life in verse. "Modern life; its doubts and its faith," we have often heard what truly valuable subjects of poetry are these. Fallacies are hard to kill; we shall believe in the possibility of such a poem when it is written.

From HOMER to Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS all great, or even good, narrative poems have been poems of the past, and a rule of which the causes are obvious is not likely to be broken.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

THE report that Captain SHAW has resigned the command of the London Fire Brigade, whether followed by his actual retirement or not, should serve to turn attention to the great and still unremedied deficiency of the corps. If this seems a somewhat ungracious way of beginning our remarks on the retirement of a very able public servant, the want of politeness is purely apparent. The deficiency of which we are thinking is one Captain SHAW has done his best to remove—which would have been amended long ago if his urgent advice had been taken. It is simply the insufficient size of the Brigade. That the force is thoroughly efficient, that the utmost is made of its strength, that this efficiency and the intelligent use of it are largely due to Captain SHAW, are facts of which we are very well aware, and have repeatedly acknowledged. We do not think that Captain SHAW's resignation makes it necessary for us to write his obituary notice. A gentleman is not dead because he retires from office, and should not be written about as if he were. So we do not feel called upon to review his career. It is quite enough to recognize what he has done, and then to try to act on his advice.

The London Fire Brigade, which Captain SHAW found respectable and has made excellent, is not so strong as it should be, when the work it has to do is considered. Our grandfathers, who were blessed with stronger nerves than ourselves, got on to their own satisfaction for a very long time without either Fire Brigade or police to speak of; but from what is otherwise known of them, it is to be presumed that, if they had wanted either Fire Brigade or police, they would have insisted on having enough of both. We, who are very exacting in demanding protection against fire, thieves, and riot, still continue to keep the forces which are to deal with all these dangers below their proper strength. The police were, indeed, materially increased about the time that a certain Home Secretary had pressing reasons to realize the need for personal protection. But the Fire Brigade was left weak, and nothing to the purpose has been done to increase it since London has been made happy by the gift of self-government. The great body by which we have now the happiness to be taxed for our good is presumably too intent on inspecting the morals of music-halls, and on efforts to increase its own powers and the skirts of dancing women, to have time to strengthen the Brigade. Yet there is no city in the world which has better reason to allow itself a large margin in the size of the force which it maintains to keep down fires. Moscow and Constantinople are far more inflammable, but they are much smaller; and, moreover, both contain large garrisons which can be used at a pinch by authorities whose powers are absolute. Paris and New York are easy to manage in comparison with London. They contain a large proportion of wide thoroughfares, and the most inflammable portions lie close together. There is no great merit in going quickly to the scene of a fire when you have one absolutely straight street to gallop down and one corner to turn, which is pretty much the case in New York. But there are large parts of London, and those the most dangerous, in which it is absolutely impossible for a fire-engine to go at any great speed. You cannot keep up a gallop when a corner has to be turned every twenty yards. Besides London stretches in every direction, and in every quarter of it there are timber-yards or store-houses. Of course the moral of all this is that the London Fire Brigade ought to be proportionately strong; but this is precisely what it is not. The force is just strong enough to deal with one great fire, but is inadequate to deal with two. It was pointed out, we think, by Captain SHAW himself at the time that nearly the whole available force of the Brigade had to be collected to put out the last great fire at WHITELEY'S. Engines had to be brought from the other side of the river. If at that moment another fire had broken out at Bermondsey, where every convenience for one exists, it must needs have been allowed to have its way. There has been no double fire on this scale, as yet, but it will be strange if we do not have one some day. If we do—and one feels strongly tempted to say when we do—London will discover what is the cost of misplaced

economy. For the rest, Londoners are so perfectly well aware of the insufficient strength of the Fire Brigade that they subscribe a far from contemptible sum to support volunteer brigades. If these latter were all efficient no great harm would be done; but it is notorious that, though some of them are respectable, many are mere colourable pretexts for begging. Yet they gather their harvest of shillings and half-crowns largely because householders know in a vague way that the Fire Brigade is beneath its proper strength and think it better to be on the safe side. It would be safer to spend the money on the force which has been made so adequate in all but size by Captain SHAW.

SOUTH AFRICA.

MOST people in England had rather forgotten, and were quite content to forget, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, secure that they would hear of him again when Mr. GLADSTONE'S succession has to be liquidated—a security which we may be sure is shared, greatly to their discomfort, by Mr. J-H-N M-RL-Y and S-R W-LL-M H-RO-RT. But this week Lord RANDOLPH has emerged again in connexion with a more important subject than the abominable quality of the pudding in school—we beg pardon, on board ship—or even the imperative necessity of ordering the whole British fleet to some place of which Lord RANDOLPH had probably heard for the first time. The first-fruits of Lord RANDOLPH'S grave and matured examination on the spot is, it seems, a conviction that the Transvaal Convention, which whilom with the rest of us he did condemn, was a noble act, and that we should have lost Cape Colony if a different policy had been persevered in. Lord RANDOLPH'S argument would appear to be compounded of a confession and an assertion. The confession is, "I knew nothing about it then"; the argument, "I know a little about it now." The instance will hardly damage the wisdom of a certain axiom about a little knowledge. When Lord RANDOLPH was quite ignorant he judged right, now that he knows a little he judges ludicrously and (if his judgment were likely to have any weight) dangerously wrong. For he has evidently come—and no wonder, considering the particular auspices under which he is visiting South Africa—to the knowledge of what everybody, whether he has visited South Africa or not, who knows anything about South Africa has known all along. This is, that there is a numerous and, in most places, except in Natal, numerically preponderant party which is strongly, and almost violently, anti-English. He has learnt further that, at this present moment, the popular policy—the policy of Mr. RHODES—is a sort of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds—an attempt to be strongly "Afrikaner," and yet avowedly Imperialist. And, putting these two pieces of newly acquired knowledge together, with the ingenuous pride of youth (Lord RANDOLPH, of course, is nothing if not young) he draws the conclusion that, if ten years ago Afrikanerism had been offended, it would have been all up. The fact being—as Lord RANDOLPH does not know, but as others do and, for the matter of that, did then—that the policy of which the annexation of the Transvaal was the climax had actually created a very strong Imperialist feeling; that almost all colonists of English birth, and even some others, were, partly from dread of the Zulus and the Boers, partly because they thought the mother-country had at last shaken off her indifferent and shilly-shallying policy, resolved to stand shoulder to shoulder; and that, if General COLLEY had not blundered, if Mr. GLADSTONE had not flinched, even, perhaps, if Sir EVELYN WOOD had had the courage and patriotism to risk something, South Africa would in all probability to-day be a good deal more united than it is in aims and sentiment, would be entirely under an unstained British flag, and would need no balancing pyramids on their tops to keep it steady. So much for Lord RANDOLPH.

As for the matters which have recently been of most interest in South Africa, the completion of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement has rendered them of less importance. Here, again, no one who speaks with knowledge will deny that it has been to some extent hard on the Portuguese to have their title deeds suddenly questioned, and irregular writs of *quo warranto* served by persons who were, from the point of view of international comity, if not of international law, very much in the position, let us say, of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE. The fault of the Portuguese was the

slowness and the fits of ill-temper with which they set themselves to work out the old problem "Can I with ten thousand meet him that cometh against me with twenty thousand?" On the other hand, as we have often urged here, it was impossible for Portugal, not merely to hold, but in any sense to occupy or use, the regions she claimed, and the practical guarantee by England of what is left to her is of infinitely more value than the disputed claim to the whole which she could not enforce, and which, if England had respected it, Germany or France or some other Power certainly would not have respected. These bygones may now be bygones, and the only important point remaining is for the local representatives of the two Powers on the spot to avoid friction as much as they can, and if necessary to disavow and punish promptly those on their own side who make bate or broil. So shall the thing settle down as well as possible.

SOME STATE SOCIALISM.

THERE are very sufficient reasons why the present French Republic should commit itself to more dangerous experiments than any other nation is at present prepared to make in the now popular policy of State Socialism. France has not been the first to frame such legislation. The example was set her by Germany. Here in England Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has proposed a scheme of insurance which is to help, and eventually to force, the workman to save something for his old age. State Socialism includes a great deal more than these schemes for the providing of pensions which are to be drawn by workmen who have paid, or on whose behalf there has been paid, a premium to the State during a fixed period of years. For the moment, however, it is the most popular, at least among politicians, of the forms taken by the kind of Socialism which is called "of the Chair" or is attributed to the State. It may be asserted, without too much want of charity, that there is a reason for this, which is not to be drawn from the philanthropy of politicians. Every State in Europe has reasons of its own for showing sympathy to the working classes. Even Russia consults their dislike of a Jew money-lender. In Germany, again, sympathy, as displayed by Prince BISMARCK, took the form of a good sharp paternal law by which all workmen are peremptorily called upon to be thrifty, and in order that the exercise of this virtue might be the easier for them, their employers are to deduct the proper proportion of saving from their wages, and hand it over to the State to be taken care of for them. The employer must also contribute to the general good, though whether he will do it out of his own pocket or by means of further deductions from wages was not made so clear. In return for this tax, which is playfully called a premium, the workman or woman who has paid regularly is entitled, at the age of seventy, to a pension fixed at the moderate figure of from about four to about ten pounds a year. Our scheme, or rather Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's, is as yet a vaguish proposal, and need not be discussed at present. State Socialism with us is busier in educating the sucking workman at the expense of the income-tax payer than in inducing or forcing him when grown up to help to provide himself with an annuity. Our scheme of insurance against a pauper old age being inchoate, and the German very rigid and modest, it is fortunate that the French have come forward with the draft of a Bill which appears to have been providentially designed to show what State Socialism may be made to mean by thoroughgoing people.

This is the Bill described as of insurance "against old age"—by which is meant, against the entire want of money in old age. Its authors are MM. CONSTANS and ROUVIER. M. CONSTANS, who is a clever and, above all, a bold man, is very well qualified to draft and defend a measure which is designed to convince the working classes, for once and for all, that their real friend is the Third Republic. Accordingly, he has made the plan very thoroughgoing, and has taken care that the offers it contains are not wanting in generosity. M. CONSTANS is not that stamp of politician who half does the policy of tempting offers, and so sacrifices whatever character he possesses for practical sense without attracting the much-desired voter. It is probable that his Bill will have sufficient popularity to defy the criticisms of such economists as M. LEROY-BEAULIEU, who, true to his function as one crying in the wilderness against reckless finance, has attacked it with argument and illustration. According to the plan

which M. CONSTANS, aided by M. ROUVIER, has framed, the State undertakes to supply, in return for a percentage to be paid on the wages of 290 days in the year, annuities of from 300 frs. to 600 frs., payable from the age of fifty-five—or fifteen years sooner than the modest German pensions of 90 frs. and 210 frs. Not only so, but the State is to establish a life insurance office which will, in consideration of premiums of which it will itself supply a third or a half, pay on death sums of from 500 frs. to 1,000 frs. to the families of all who have subscribed for not less than two years. It is not pretended by MM. CONSTANS and ROUVIER that this enormous annuity and insurance business is to be self-supporting. The State, they calculate, will have to pay, when it is in full working order, no less a sum than 100,000,000 frs., or about 4,000,000*l.*, a year, which they do not deny will be largely in excess of its own receipts from premiums or money invested. The deficiency, they maintain, will be partly made good by the tax of ten centimes per day's work to be levied on all who employ foreign workmen—which it is calculated will be good for 29,000,000 frs. a year. This is a tempting scheme, and that part of it which proposes to tax the employer who is base enough to hire foreigners is well calculated to please patriotic sentiment. But as a mere business scheme it is open to the criticism that, unless "l'état de l'opinion, les espérances qui agitent partout les classes laborieuses, l'impulsion de cette force des choses qui détermine les grandes évolutions de l'histoire," to which its framers characteristically appeal, can make three guineas do the work of five, it will be ruinous. M. LEROY-BEAULIEU has made it his business to show that the calculations on which it is based are of the wildest. One example of the care which the Ministers of the Interior and of Finance have shown in making their estimates is absolutely comic. They have calculated the produce of the tax on foreign workmen on the basis of the total number of foreigners resident in France, which in 1886 was 1,126,530. But they have forgotten to deduct from this total the women and children, the shopkeepers and capitalists, who are not "ouvriers," the married foreign residents who practise no trade, and the vagabonds who are idle for other reasons. And this is only one example of their care. They have taken it for granted that only a third of the working people of France will avail themselves of the scheme; but they put no limit on the number of those who may profit by it if they please. If a half or two-thirds do, then the yearly cost must be proportionately increased, and with it the loss inflicted on the State. M. LEROY-BEAULIEU, who is an excellent judge and a careful calculator, estimates that it may go to eight or even ten times the amount fixed by the Ministers. Of course, if it is not popular, then not even a third of the workmen will make use of it—and then also the magnificent scheme for forwarding "les grandes évolutions de l'histoire," and ruling, by obeying, "l'impulsion des choses," falls utterly to the ground, and will deserve to be recorded among the great ideas of the philosophers whom Captain LEMUEL GULLIVER saw at work in the island of Laputa. But the two Ministers, though one of them is actually Minister of Finance, have forgotten to take into their calculations both the present rate of interest and its steady tendency to fall still lower. They talk when detailing the advantages of their scheme of workmen who get 4 per cent. on their savings; yet it is notorious that 4 per cent. is not to be obtained now on investments in which there is no element of speculation. The French funds are at a little over 3 when their price is taken into calculation, and will probably be at 2½ by the end of the century unless a great war sends the price up again. It is to be presumed that the French Government will not invest the money paid over to it in Argentine bonds or mere speculation, although the Ministers do talk of the purchase of houses and land. Therefore it follows that, as the interest it can receive on the reserve it funds will inevitably tend to diminish, the difference which it must make good out of taxation will necessarily increase. The result of this plan then—if it works at all—must needs be to add heavily to the already almost unbearable burden of French taxation.

M. CONSTANS's insurance against old age is not the only piece of legislation on behalf of the working classes. Another, and a much more respectable, one is now before the Senate. It is an Act to regulate the labour of women and children, and is principally noticeable because the Chamber of Deputies which has passed it has imposed a legal weekly day of rest, but has not specified that it shall be a Sunday for fear of being called clerical if it so far forgets itself as to mention the word *dimanche*. This is

only another example of the abject cowardice of some Frenchmen in the presence of Radical bigotry. M. CONSTANS's Bill is a far more serious business. It is hardly possible that it should be passed as it stands, but whatever its end may be, it is an astonishing example of the length to which some modern politicians will go in bribing the "mass vote." M. CONSTANS is not a sentimental person. His character is well enough known as that of a cool-headed man, resolute to push his own fortunes, and not at all unwilling to do it with cynical audacity. That stamp of politician has at no time been rare, and he has always obeyed "*l'impulsion des choses*" which led him to serve by any means the powers which could be useful to him. That power now is the mass vote, and the MM. CONSTANS of this world will tempt it by bribes, flattery, and promises, reckless of the ultimate consequences to the nation if they can only serve their immediate turn. Neither do we see any reason to suppose that the authority to which they truckle will be less accessible to their tempting than courtiers or commercial classes have been. It is not either the tempting or the yielding to temptation which is new, but the danger that, whereas courtiers and commercial classes could be controlled by other forces in the State, the "mass vote," if it is once thoroughly indoctrinated and taken in hand by reckless adventurers, may prove controllable by nothing short of ruin and anarchy. Yet the offer of mere bribes to this same mass vote is becoming more and more the common resource of politicians. Some do it in a shamefaced way, and some without shame; but all do it, and experience seems to make it probable that it will be those who do the work with a whole heart who will do it successfully.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

ENOUGH has now been seen of the attitude of the House of Commons in general towards the Education Bill to render it tolerably certain that the Government will persevere in their attempt to pass it before the autumn recess. Whether, however, they will succeed in doing so within the time or anything like the time to which they profess to have limited themselves it is too soon to say. Thanks to the intervention of the SPEAKER, and the vigorous purgation of the notice-paper which resulted therefrom, the House got speedily into Committee, and the appearance of Tuesday evening appeared to justify the expectation that progress in Committee would be rapid. The proceedings, however, at the morning sitting of Wednesday threw a slight shadow over this prospect, and the pathetic appeal which was elicited from the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY served to remind the sanguine how absolutely at the mercy of a few individual members of the House of Commons the measure is. Like any other Ministerial Bill introduced at this period of the Session, it may be said to exist only on sufferance, and it is certainly by no other tenure that it holds its chance of becoming law within any reasonable period. No doubt if the Opposition choose, not collectively merely, but individually, to co-operate with the Government, Ministers may succeed in getting the Education Bill through the Commons by the middle of the month, and they may then be able—also with the same assistance—to complete the business of Supply by the end of the first week or ten days in August. If, on the other hand, it occurs to any two or three members of the Opposition, whether important or "no account" men, to multiply and press amendments—there are already thirteen pages of them on the Order Book—the Bill will be likely enough to see out July in Committee, and Supply to run through August. Perfect smoothness in the working of the Parliamentary machine will, in fact, be required to ensure the House's reaching and passing the Appropriation Bill before the beginning of September.

This is not a particularly brilliant performance in the way of business management on the part of a Government who advised the calling together of Parliament in November of last year; and for our own part we confess that the particular purpose to which we shall owe any undue prolongation of the Session is far from being of a character to reconcile us to the inconvenience. Is it worth while, we ask ourselves—and we only wish that the same question would suggest itself to the Government—is it worth while to sit for several weeks longer in order to pass more such nights of melancholy humiliation as that of last Tuesday? As though it were not sufficient for them to have thrown

over the principle on which the Bill is professedly founded, by lowering the age of the commencement of free education from five to three—or, in other words, compelling the taxpayer to educate his neighbour's child even at an earlier age than that at which the State compels the parent to send that child to school—the Government went out of their way to make a similar surrender at the opposite end of the scale of age, and have consented to substitute fifteen years for fourteen. So that the "boon," or the bribe, whichever Ministers like to call it, will now extend over twelve, instead of nine, years of a child's school age; and from three to fifteen its parents will be privileged to throw the cost of its education entirely on the shoulders of other people. The additional charge on the community which the alteration of the minimum age of free schooling from five to three will involve is a little matter of 200,000*l.*, or an increase of 10 per cent. on the original estimate; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had no doubt some right to express surprise that the financial conscience of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, which had slept peacefully through this change, should have been awakened by the further and much less serious proposal to add 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* a year more to the grant, in order to let boys of fourteen continue to dip their hands in the pockets of the taxpayer for yet another year. Mr. GOSCHEN's financial conscience, even though its hours of sleep and waking may be irregular, is a very alert organ when once it has shaken off its slumber, and it prompted its owner to the delivery of a most animated and even convincing speech against the proposed change. The only objection to it was that the strongest of its arguments hit, not merely Mr. MUNDELLA's amendment for extending the grant to children over fourteen years, but the entire Bill itself from the first clause to the last. If we could only forget this, and imagine that Mr. GOSCHEN was sitting anywhere else than on the Treasury Bench, we should feel that we were listening in this excellent speech to most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort. But how are we to reconcile Mr. GOSCHEN's warning to the House against being carried away by their enthusiasm for a particular class and his reminder that, "if they wished to be just to all classes of the community, they would feel that the small tradesman who sent his son to schools just above the primary schools was entitled to consideration"—how, we say, are we to reconcile language like this with the responsibilities of a part author of the Education Bill? We do not ask how it is to be reconciled with the subsequent action of the Government, because it is only fair to assume that, when Mr. GOSCHEN uttered it, he could not possibly have imagined that at the imperial nod of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the Government would at once throw over their CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and meekly announce their acceptance of the compromise which the member for West Birmingham was good enough to dictate to them. Ministers have before this excited dissatisfaction among some of their party by their imputed subservience to the Liberal-Unionists; but we doubt whether they have ever before given so strong an impulse to this feeling as when, last Tuesday, the "no surrender" speech of their Finance Minister was followed, at a word from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by the unconditional capitulation of Mr. SMITH.

The only incident in the debates on the Education Bill thus far which can be regarded with the faintest gratification was the discussion which took place on Mr. FOWLER's instruction to the Committee with reference to the question of popular control. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is more pleasant to listen to as the critic of his former political friends than as the dictator of his new allies, and he did excellent service in recalling the history of that singular concordat which was concluded between Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. SEXTON in the debate on the Address in February of last year. Mr. MORLEY, for a reason which every one regrets, was not present to reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; but he took his turn at replying, if we remember rightly, at the time when his bargain with the Irish party was made, and it is not easy to imagine any way in which he could improve on his explanations such as they were. The purpose served by recalling the incident was, however, a very useful one; for, though there might have been no particular object to be attained by taxing Mr. MORLEY anew with the conclusion of the compact, there was a very definite end to be gained by showing that Mr. FOWLER's amendment was, if not designedly introduced in pursuance of it, at any rate directly calculated to give effect to it. The operation of Mr. FOWLER's proposal, if Parliament had adopted

it, would have been to subject five-sixths of the Church of England schools to what he called "popular," but should have called—as the distinction happens in this case to be all-important—"local," control; while not one in a hundred of the Catholic or Wesleyan schools would have had to submit to it. And that alone is sufficient to mark the animus of the amendment, which, much to the credit of the Irish party, both Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite, they unanimously declined to support. In the meantime the eccentric Anglican catechism which Mr. FOWLER read to the House has been capped by Mr. HARDCASTLE's timely publication of certain extracts from a pamphlet addressed by a Nonconformist minister to the teachers of Dissenting Sunday schools. If the excellent member for Wolverhampton had no fear of eliciting a reply of this kind, one can only smile at the innocence which leads a hard-headed man of the world to imagine that folly and bigotry are never to be found associated with his own "doxy," but always with "the other man's."

On Wednesday, as we have already said, the progress made with the Bill was slow; but to those who, like ourselves, are not at all interested in its progress, it is a piece of good fortune to find interest of another kind in the debate; and such interest abounded. It was especially agreeable, for instance, to observe the noble intrepidity with which Nonconformist Radicals moved, and Gladstonian Privy Councillors supported, amendments in the name of "liberty of conscience" which they were glad to know they could not carry, and with respect to which nothing would have more profoundly disconcerted and alarmed them than success. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, for instance, on the proposal of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to withhold the grant from all Welsh and Monmouthshire schools in which the teachers were required to be of a particular denomination, was particularly edifying. What it would mean is that the 90 per cent. of Nonconformist farmers and labourers, which is said to be the proportion in these districts—and we take these figures because in this matter they are fatal to those who allege their accuracy—would have to continue paying the school fees of which their neighbours in the towns had been relieved in order that the Welsh Radical may testify against the Church in Wales. Of course, what these Radicals really want to do, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT well knows, is to bring off their testifying in the House of Commons and save their school pence. But one cannot help wishing that it were possible for the Government to accept one of these amendments, if only for the pleasure it would give to watch the consternation of its authors.

NAVAL SUPREMACY.

THE title which Sir W. F. DRUMMOND JERVOIS has taken for his lectures at the Royal United Service Institution was well chosen to secure sympathy. The supremacy of the Navy for Imperial defence is a supremacy which we all recognize. Beyond all question, an insular Power which possesses dominions and colonies beyond the sea must trust first of all to its navy for its defence. Even in the case of possessions which are accessible to an enemy by land, we must still trust to the navy to supply us with the means of sending forces to their assistance. If Russia is ever able to strike at India by land, the first line of defence will necessarily be the army; but that army can only be reinforced by sea, and by means of a fleet. It is also a self-evident proposition that our ports can only be protected from blockade by our ships. Nobody, again, seriously denies that, if the navy is strong enough, no invasion of England or of any insular possession is possible. In the sense, then, that the navy is our complete defence against most attacks, and is an indispensable part of our means of defence against all attacks, it must be what people commonly mean when they use the word supreme. But Sir WILLIAM DRUMMOND JERVOIS did not, we presume, intend merely to occupy the time of the United Service Institution with a demonstration of these elementary propositions. He intended, no doubt, to demonstrate some means by which the navy could be enabled to do its immensely important work more effectually.

Nothing would be more acceptable than such a piece of service; but, unfortunately, we must confess to finding the utmost possible difficulty in making out what Sir W. DRUMMOND JERVOIS wishes to see done. Neither the magazine article he wrote some time ago, nor the report of his speech at the Institution, nor the various observations made by naval and military officers in the discussion which followed, seem to us to contain any statement

of any practical way of making the so-called supremacy of the navy more effectual. The lecturer himself, as far as we can discover, appears to argue that because the navy is the first, and the most indispensable, of our armed forces, naval officers should have the direct control of all armed forces primarily employed for purposes of defence and of the fortifications which they occupy. This is certainly a sufficiently intelligible proposition. But the difficulty is to see how the immense change which the transfer of the fortified ports and coaling stations to the Admiralty would entail could in any way strengthen the necessary supremacy of the navy. The most convenient way of testing the value of all theories is to take an example. Let us, then, suppose that we are threatened with an invasion from Brest, and that an English fleet is cruising within striking distance of Ushant. Let us also suppose that all the forts in the Channel and all the forces in them are commanded by officers of Marines. What we should like to hear from Sir W. DRUMMOND JERVOIS is some proof that the Admiral commanding off Ushant would be better off than he would be if the forts were occupied by soldiers. The answer that both the Admiral and officers of Marines take their orders from the Admiralty is beside the question. In the operations of war, the men who are doing the work on the spot cannot wait for directions from an authority at the capital. They must act at once, and as the circumstances dictate. It is true that the system of direction from the capital has been tried, and it is also true that it has made the Aulic Council a byword in military history. But if the men on the spot are to be left free, which is what common sense and experience alike dictate, we see no reason to believe that the man in the fort and the man on the quarter-deck would act the better together because they both have their commissions from the same department. A Marine officer, or even a naval officer, in a shore command might be nervous about his own post and unseasonably clamorous for help from the admiral, every whit as much as any mere soldier. In fact, cases have been known in which two naval officers, actually at sea, have differed in opinion and failed to co-operate. Lord ST. VINCENT, Lord KEITH, and Lord NELSON were all naval officers alike, all in different degrees able men, all experienced officers. Yet the similarity of their training and the fact that they belonged to the same service did not prevent ST. VINCENT from interfering, in the most untimely fashion, with Lord KEITH, nor Lord NELSON from most contumaciously disobeying his orders. The result was that a large French fleet, which could easily have been stopped if KEITH had not been interfered with, and had been obeyed, was allowed to escape from the Mediterranean. Sir W. DRUMMOND JERVOIS has not explained how the colossal changes for which he argues could prevent mismanagement of this kind. Nothing can prevent it but good sense and patriotism on the part of the men in command, and these qualities will enable military and naval officers to act harmoniously together. What, then, is the advantage which Sir WILLIAM DRUMMOND JERVOIS argues will be sufficient compensation for the disturbance the adoption of his scheme would cause? It is surely first of all necessary to define the good to be obtained by any change before we ask to make it. Until this serious defect is removed, it is hardly necessary to make other criticisms. Still, it adds to our unwillingness to accept the suggestion that Sir W. DRUMMOND JERVOIS does not appear to have even attempted to realize the practical meaning of his own proposals. When he talks, for example, of transferring the garrisons of coast towns and coaling-stations to the Admiralty, are we to understand that he contemplates (a) turning the military garrison into Marines, (b) increasing the corps of Marines to a sufficient force without diminishing the army, or (c) breaking as many regiments of infantry, batteries of artillery, and companies of engineers as he proposes to replace by his new establishment? One has only to think for a minute of what any of these three things would mean to see that they are nearly as revolutionary, and quite as certain to cause a storm, as a proposal to disestablish the Church for the benefit of the Dissenters, or to replace the House of Lords by a body of peers elected for life by the County Council.

TWO ETON DINNERS.

THE four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Eton, already called a Jubilee, has been celebrated in a great variety of ways, from processions to exhibitions, and from sermons to champagne. We referred briefly last week to

the festivities at Eton itself, and described at some length the Loan Collection in Upper School. Last Saturday there was an Eton dinner at the Métropole Hotel. Now an Eton dinner is a solemn event. It is not an annual fixture, such as inferior schools are wont to enjoy or endure. It is understood that the last was held before the Wars of the Roses, and that the next will be held in the year 2341, when the Imperial Federation Bill has received the Royal Assent. In these circumstances the banquet at the Métropole left a good deal to be desired. To begin with, there were only two hundred and forty guests, if they are guests who invite themselves. No doubt a really representative Eton dinner, embracing every generation from the Vice-Provost to the "junior beak," would be too much for the resources of the Albert Hall, and could only be held on Salisbury Plain. It might have been done in relays, like "Hall" at Trinity, and have occupied a week, like the old round of public-school matches. All the hotels in London might have been simultaneously engaged, or Old Etonians might have been invited, as Mr. *Punch* invites his readers on the occasion of his Jubilee, correctly so called, to enjoy themselves after their own fashion wheresoever they pleased. The actual course adopted was to advertise in one or two morning papers and see what would happen. That happened which might have been expected. There was a scratch few, and, except the privileged few at the high table, everybody wondered why he was put in the particular place assigned him. With the exception of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, there was nobody there whose name would at once occur as shedding lustre upon the old school. The Duke of WESTMINSTER, who made a very good Chairman, is justly respected for his generous and sagacious administration of vast wealth. Sir REGINALD WELBY, Sir ROBERT HERBERT, and Sir THOMAS FARRER are excellent representatives of the Civil Service as it is and as it was. But they are not exactly the first of living Etonians. Mr. GLADSTONE was ill. Lord ROSEBURY is in retirement. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is in Mashonaland. Where was the PRIME MINISTER? Where was the CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND? Where was HER MAJESTY'S Ambassador to the King of ITALY? An Eton dinner without Lord SALISBURY or Mr. BALFOUR or Lord DUFFERIN is rather an imperfect ceremonial, and Lord DUFFERIN was certainly not at Rome. It might be invidious to continue the catalogue of the absent even by mentioning Mr. SWINBURNE, whose graceful anniversary ode has been so much and so deservedly admired. But why, in the name of wonder, did the Earl of KILMOREY propose the toast of the evening? Lord KILMOREY seemed to be rather astonished, and acquitted himself very well. Lord COLERIDGE, of course, made the best speech. He is in his element on such occasions, and never goes to sleep in public out of Court. But, after comparing himself with JULIUS CÆSAR, it was, perhaps, superfluous modesty to disclaim rivalry with Lord CHELMSFORD.

On Wednesday evening at the Savoy there was a smaller, but a far more successful, entertainment. Whether the foundation of Eton dates from 1441, or from 1440, is, we believe, open to dispute. But that the foundation means College there can be no doubt whatever. It was not the design of WORDSWORTH'S "Royal Saint," Mr. SWINBURNE'S "Star-crossed King," that the Assistant-Masters should keep hotels. The old Collegers, who dined under the benevolent auspices of the Provost of King's, are the true and only representatives of Eton as it was, and was meant to be. There was therefore no reason why the Provost, speaking on their behalf, should adopt even the semblance of an apologetic tone. On the contrary, we should be disposed to regard with some misgiving an Eton left to the tender mercies of an Oppidan Provost and an Oppidan Head-master. Sir ALFRED LYALL, who returned thanks for "College in India," might equally well have responded for "Eton in Literature." His *Asiatic Studies* are as well known as his rule of the North-west Provinces, and his poetry is better known than either. Indeed, it was a real relief to many readers when these verses were published in a volume, and had no longer to be sought in the note-books of the fortunate few, or gathered in fragments from the collected orations of Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF. Another old Indian Colleger, Sir STEUART BAYLEY, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was unable to come. But, turning for the moment to the larger Eton, we believe that the Governor-General of India and all the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, except Sir CHARLES ELLIOTT, are Eton men, while among the Australian Governors there is no exception at all. Dr. WAHRE boasts of having

raised the numbers of the school to almost a thousand. This is, no doubt, an achievement in its way, and appeals possibly to some imaginations. Fortunately, the experiment cannot be tried upon College, which is limited by the statutes, and which is, therefore, protected from the fate of Balliol.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL IN THE LORDS.

THE debates in the House of Lords on the Land Purchase Bill have fully sustained the reputation both for critical and oratorical ability of that branch of the Legislature. Irish landlord experts like Lords WATERFORD and LONDONDERRY, skilled lawyers like Lords ASHBORNE and HERSCHELL, all contributed valuable matter to the discussion, and we are not among those who object to what is called the academic element introduced into it by the Duke of ARGYLL. As a matter of fact, the political philosopher is in many instances your true practical man. That is to say, he recalls the attention of those whose minds are too much engrossed in the practical questions of the moment to what will become the practical question of the future. And the Duke of ARGYLL must be admitted to have supplied a sufficiently apt illustration of this in his remarks on "landlordism," "dual ownership," and other like subjects on which words and phrases are, by mere dint of continual repetition, and in accordance with the universal law of human nature, beginning, even in the minds of men who are usually clear thinkers, to usurp the place of facts. There is no denying that, as the discussion of the Land Purchase Bill has proceeded, there have been increasing signs of a tendency to regard it, not as a measure for substituting one system of land tenure for another, but as a Bill to alter the constitution of human nature, and magically to abolish all those human tendencies and impulses to which existing systems of land tenure, like most other social and economical institutions, are due. Even men as shrewd and clear-headed as Mr. T. W. RUSSELL sometimes talk, as the Duke of ARGYLL points out, as if the relation between landlord and tenant were one which could be extinguished in any country by the simple process of buying out an existing community of landlords, and converting the existing community of tenants into freehold proprietors. The time, as the Duke justly says, will never and can never come when the owners of land will not have occasion to let out their land to others, and when the men who have no land will not wish occasionally to hire it.

It was to provide for the consequences of the perpetual operation of these motives among men that the Duke of ARGYLL moved his instruction to the Committee that they have power to enable purchasers under the Act to "let" their holdings after the completion of the purchase transaction, whether by lease or other tenure, in whatever "terms may be agreed upon between the owner and the lessee," and that contracts to this effect between such owners and lessees, provided that they are in writing, should be binding on both parties. This instruction was, of course, a well-meant endeavour to use the Land Purchase arrangement as a means of gradually liberating Irish land from the bondage of Mr. GLADSTONE'S pernicious legislation of 1881, or, in other words, to give reality to the profession of the Legislature that, in passing the measure now under consideration, it is putting an end to the system of dual ownership. For, unless some such provision as that proposed by the Duke of ARGYLL is engrafted on the arrangement, it is clear that there will be nothing in the world to prevent the re-establishment of the system of dual ownership as soon as ever the present tenants, or their successors in title, acquire full ownership of their land. That, however, will be forty-nine years hence; and as it is, of course, out of the question for a National Legislature—although theoretically immortal—to trouble itself about what will or will not, or may or may not, happen in so remote a future, the Duke's instruction had, of course, to be withdrawn. It was a better reason for urging the withdrawal that there would be plenty of time to take the steps contemplated in the instruction after the purchase system is in operation. This reason, indeed, is so excellent a one that there is little doubt that it will serve as an entirely satisfactory substitute for action. The knowledge that the matter can be arranged at any time will have as soothing an effect on the minds of future Governments and Parliaments for the next half-century as the contempla-

tion of their carefully calculated liabilities had on the financial consciences of PIP and HERBERT POCKET.

Once in Committee, the House of Lords proceeded in its usual businesslike way through the clauses of the Bill, and did not rise till it had completed its consideration of them. In one important respect the Bill will return to the House of Commons improved, and, although we are not at all clear that the Government might not with advantage to the measure have accepted other amendments, they were possibly right in declining to run the risk of delay and opposition in the Lower House for anything but changes of a character amounting almost to the imperative. This consideration may, perhaps, be fairly held to have excluded the amendment proposed by Lord WATERFORD on Subsection 6 of Clause 7, and supported by the great bulk of Irish proprietorial authority and experience in the Upper House. We own that we are far more impressed by the views to which men like Lords LONDONDERRY, CASTLETOWN, FORTESCUE, ORANMORE and BROWNE, and Lord WATERFORD himself, gave expression on this point than by the timid and half-hearted defence of the subsection which was all that Lord SPENCER could contribute to the debate. It appears to us, to say the least of it, eminently probable that the power given to the Land Commission of setting off a purchaser's insurance fund against his arrears in cases of exceptional calamity will, in spite of all precautions, be apt to be much abused, and that that danger of "bogus famine," on which all the experts above enumerated dwelt in turn, is one by no means to be made light of. Still, we cannot but admit that the point, though far from an important one, is not of such moment as to justify Ministers in provoking opposition in the House of Commons, and the PRIME MINISTER was, on the whole, right in standing firm.

On the other hand, the Government exercised a wise discretion in accepting Lord LONDONDERRY's amendment to Subsection 3 of Clause 10, the introduction of which was Mr. BALFOUR's one mistake in the conduct of the Bill. This, it will doubtless be remembered—since solitary errors should be easy to recollect—is the provision for allotting the sum annually available for advances under the Act among tenants of over and under 50*l.* annual valuation in proportion to their prospective numbers. Lord WATERFORD proposed, in the first instance, to amend the clause by substituting the words "aggregate value" for the word "number," contending that the gross valuation should be the base of calculation, and not the number of the holdings, and pointing out that, according to the scheme of the Bill, sixteen millions would be set apart for the small tenants, which was more than they would ever take up. Ultimately, however, the amendment was withdrawn in favour of another, at once ingenious and equitable, moved by Lord LONDONDERRY. By this it was provided that the share of these two classes of tenants in each county should, in the first instance, be apportioned numerically; but that "if the amount of advance applied for in any year, for the purchase of either class of holdings, is less than the proportion of the guarantee fund apportioned to that class, a sum equal to the balance shall be deducted from the proportion available for such class of the total amount to which advance can be made in the county, and carried to a common fund to be available for both the above-mentioned classes of holdings in that county." This will secure, almost automatically as it were, the fair and beneficial working of the Act, and will meet the objections of all the more reasonable critics of Mr. BALFOUR's proposal. Lord KIMBERLEY threatened opposition to it in the House of Commons, and it will not there, of course, pass altogether unchallenged. But we shall be surprised if much effective resistance can be made to it, or any very obstinate defence offered for an alternative proposal which, when Mr. BALFOUR introduced it, met with no favour with the Anti-Parnellites, and found almost its solitary supporter in Mr. PARNELL.

MORE BISHOPS AND VICES.

WE have received from the Bishop of Manchester a long letter in reference to the article in last week's *Saturday Review* entitled "Bishops and Vices." Our respect for the Church makes us wish that we could in his favour break through the old and wise rule which excludes correspondence, as such, from these pages. But we shall here give a selection of the Right Reverend remarks which we think Dr. Moorhouse will himself acknowledge not to be unfair, and shall proceed to comment on them.

The Bishop begins by saying that, if we "pause for" any disclaimer in respect of the assertion that "gambling is immoral in itself," we shall pause in vain. Good; our regret is tempered by respect for a man who is no flincher. A further reference to our *instantia contradictoria* of the tossers for sixpence as "puerile" saddens us slightly. Why puerile, Dr. Moorhouse, why puerile? The Bishop as a professional theologian and moralist must know the orthodox doctrine of all religion and philosophy, from the very highest authority downwards, that an act which is wrong according to natural law cannot be deliberately committed (unless by habitual sinners who have seared their consciences) without some sense of shame or discomfort. If he wants texts, we can give him plenty, from that about "our heart condemning us not" downwards. If he says that sixpence is too little to cause this sensation, he gives up his whole position at once. However, we shall not insist on the sixpence; the Bishop, thinking our instance puerile, looks elsewhere for "some grave argument." He shall have it; but let us first give his own:—

The issue to be determined is this:—Is gambling one of those acts which, like eating, drinking, and sleeping, only become vicious in excess, or is it an act which, like lying or stealing, is wrong in itself? Now how do you seek to resolve this ethical problem? By simply begging the question; by simply asserting dogmatically that gambling belongs to the former of these categories, and not to the latter. I differ from you in opinion entirely. I believe that the impulse to gambling is in all cases covetousness; and covetousness is in itself so wrong, that its prohibition constitutes the last of the Ten Commandments. No doubt we must define what we mean by covetousness. We do not mean by covetousness the indulgence of any kind of desire. Lawful desire is the very spring of action.

After this the Bishop at some length proceeds to distinguish between desire for lawful and for unlawful objects. "Three men," he says, among other illustrations, "may lawfully desire to marry a beautiful woman." But "she is no sooner married than she becomes a forbidden object of desire." So with "prizes at an athletic meeting" &c. The Bishop's definition of an "unlawful object," of an "object of covetousness," is "that which belongs to another, and which we desire to possess without endeavouring to give him in return an adequate value or service." He takes pains to put cases which do not really, though they do apparently, transgress this rule; cases in which "an endeavour is made to give adequate value, though the value is not in effect adequate," such as the endeavours of "an unskilful barrister, or an insufficient clergyman," or, to be quite fair, let us add those of the writer of a puerile article. And then the Bishop grapples with us directly, and asks, "What adequate value or service does the gambler endeavour to give?" Answering for us, but by no means as we should, he produces a "habitual gambler," urging that each opponent gives the other "the pleasant excitement of trying to deprive him of his stake." "But what," repeats the Bishop, "is the source of this excitement?" It is "the strong stimulation of the bad feeling of covetousness." But here we may quote again:—

Well, but what is the source of this pleasant excitement? Why does the prospect of winning a stake add interest to a game which has insufficient interest in itself? Because it stimulates strongly the bad feeling of covetousness—the desire to gain that which is our neighbour's without endeavouring to give him adequate value or service. Is it right to pay a man for his losses by exciting in him a vicious feeling which is pleasant? I may answer that question by asking another. Is it right for a pander to earn the sensualist's money by ministering to a lust which is pleasant but vicious? So far as the recipients of these two vicious considerations are concerned, the cases stand on exactly the same footing.

After this the Bishop supposes a gambler who says that he does not desire to gain his opponent's stake, but only to "steady his play by the fear of loss." And he proposes a scheme to put this to the test:—

Let two gamblers determine that all the winnings of their play shall be given to a hospital. They will have the chance of losing just as before. They will be able to steady their play just as before. What they will not have is the excitement of covetousness. And I will venture to predict that the loss of that excitement will soon bring their play to an end.

[This, by the way, is something of a fraternal borrowing from another Bishop, that famous one who said you might gamble as much as you liked if you devoted to pious uses all you won and as much as you lost. We never, we confess, knew of this being done, though we did once know of pew-rents being paid in an I.O.U. of the churchwarden's given at 10*o.*] Next Dr. Moorhouse divagates a little into the question (which does not interest us much) why old ladies get excited over counters, and tells us how "a noble lady once told him" that in her earlier days she used to say "damson cheese" when she was annoyed, "dwelling gently on the first syllable," with other pleasant and agreeable facts. And then he sums up thus:—

Yes, covetousness is naughty, in whatsoever degree it is indulged. Like lying and stealing, it is wrong in itself, it is wrong "ab ovo," and it always does an amount of injury to the character which is proportional to the degree to which it is excited. If, then, covetousness be the essential

motive of gambling—as I believe that it is—gambling is an act which is vicious in itself, and which ought to be avoided in all its forms.

He adds a question “whether selfishness, as distinguished from lawful self-regard, is not the source of all vice and sin,” quoting for those who wish to investigate that matter Julius Müller and the late Mr. Green, and declaring that “of such selfishness covetousness is the very essence, and gambling the almost pure expression”; and he ends—

It is no astonishment, therefore, to those who hold this belief, to find, as they do find, that a passion for gambling is almost always accompanied by a general demoralization of character.

We are obliged to the Bishop for this letter, and we shall endeavour to meet it (this is, we believe, the proper phrase) in the spirit in which it is written. We can do this all the better that the Bishop provides us with a common ground, without which argument is useless, in his theories of possession without adequate return, and of selfishness as distinguished from self-regard. We confess that we think we see, throughout his argument, a vein of *petitio principii*. In more than one of the passages from which we have quoted, for instance, the word “covetousness” is obviously, though no doubt quite unconsciously, juggled with, and “a vicious feeling which is pleasant” begs the whole question at once. We have to prove that the feeling is vicious, and we cannot do that, at least by the Bishop’s argument, without assuming that the end to which the pleasure is directed is vicious too, which itself has to be proved. We can also point out a special and interesting instance of this confusion in the Bishop’s remarks about panders (the fallacy of which is self-evident, for again we have to prove that the gambler’s “desire” is “vicious”) and about “lying and stealing”—especially in the latter. For the essential point of the badness of lying and stealing is, that both are done against the will or to the deceit of the injured party. We do not wish to urge *volenti non fit* too hardly against the Bishop. He might rejoinder that the brocard is not always true even in law, and is certainly often false in morals. But, as far as lying and stealing go, the point of their badness lies precisely and exactly in the point from which gambling is free. It is not intrinsically wrong to take a thousand pounds out of somebody’s house; the owner may have asked you to pay it into his bank, or he may owe it you. It is not intrinsically wrong to make statements which are not historically true, otherwise many an old (and young) novelist that we know is damned. It is wrong to take the money against the owner’s will, and without his permission, and to make the statement with an ulterior intent to deceive. Looked at from this point of view (which is the only sound one), “lying and stealing” do not answer to “play,” but to “cheating at play”—a very different thing.

And now to the doctrine of equivalents or adequate returns, in which the Bishop’s argument is bound up. What is gambling, stripped of question-begging terms and talk? It is simply *conditional giving*. A says to B, “On certain conditions, expressed or implied already in the fact of our mutual consent to play this game, I will give you a penny, a shilling, a sovereign, a hundred pounds.” B says to A, “All right; I know those conditions, and if they turn in your favour I will give you the same sum, or sums different as agreed.” There is no “depriving” in the matter. “Ah, but,” the Bishop may say, “when you give you are to ‘hope for nothing again.’” Certainly, if you give as a virtue. But we do not say that gambling is a virtue; we only say that it is not a vice in itself; that it is a thing indifferent in itself, capable of being abused, but lawful to be used. To do Dr. Moorhouse justice, he seems to waive the illegitimate argument from abuse, and the still more illegitimate argument about the possibility of putting the money to better uses. He no doubt remembers the most celebrated, if not the original, occasion on which that unlucky argument was employed. And we can hardly suspect him of that “Capernaite” (to transfer slightly a well-known theological term) misinterpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, and other passages, of which the late Archbishop of York made such an example not very long ago. The Bishop does not write as if it were the duty of every Christian to become a pillar-saint. But we think we have said enough to show to any careful person that his argument, as it stands, is vicious; that he has not apprehended what gambling actually is, and therefore that he has not proved it “immoral in itself.” With what it may be made, with what it too commonly is made, we have no concern. We might, if we cared to take that line of argument, point out that a “little flutter,” or a modest game of whist (say, for shillings, half-crowns, and the odds, or for fivers and ponies, or for any other stake, properly adjusted to the means and circumstances of the players), has been long recognized as an amusement like another, good as amusement, and particularly suited to rest and refresh the mind from severer occupations. We might add that the doctrine that there is something inherently wicked in games of chance is partly Manichean, partly a remnant of the preju-

dices of the Romans, a respectable race in their way, but not exactly Christian in sentiment, and bitter prigs and Philistines by their very nature. And, finally, we might urge that the very best way to lead fools, and especially young fools, to gamble reprehensibly is to hold all gambling up as a terrible thing. But we do not care to diverge into these by-paths, fruitful and pleasant as they are. We do not even care to follow the Bishop into his very perilous manipulation of selfishness and self-regard, of the covetousness which is unlawful, and the lawful desire which is the spring of action. There are very few gains of any kind to be made, very few desires to be gratified in this world, without somebody losing in some way. But, though we are quite ready to meet anybody on the by-paths, we prefer to keep to the main road. Covetousness—“wrongous” covetousness, to use a beautiful Scotch adjective—means the desire for somebody else’s possessions against his will or without his clear knowledge. From the very terms of the definition of fair card-playing, betting, and what not, this is excluded. What is yours you have a right to risk (putting aside considerations of crippling your means, &c.) with sufficient knowledge of the terms. What is another’s you have a right to win, he being sufficiently aware that you are going to do it if you can and consenting to your doing it. The most abstract reason and the most concrete common sense agree in this; and we at least do not believe that either sound religion or sound morality forbids it.

WOOD-PIGEONS IN THE PARKS.

THE enormous increase during the last few years in the number of wood-pigeons frequenting the London Parks must have struck the least observant. Formerly a few pairs bred there every year, Kensington Gardens and the grounds of Buckingham Palace being their favourite nesting-places; but a few years since their numbers began to increase, and they are now—sparrows always excepted—the commonest of London birds, and are certainly, without any exception, the most noticeable. Curiously enough, the greatest increase has taken place in the most frequented parts of the Parks, the head-quarters of the birds being situate in the district lying between the eastern end of the Serpentine and the Birdcage Walk, omitting the Green Park; and they now frequent this district literally in scores, and many breed there. The “Dell” and the enclosed lawn on the north side of Rotten Row are very favourite resorts, and large numbers may always be seen there during the summer and autumn, especially after the young birds have flown; but St. James’s Park is also a favourite breeding-place, and has a very considerable contingent. Curiously enough, however, they do not confine themselves to the Parks. For example, a pair nested last year—and, we believe, brought off their young in safety—in the elm-tree over the fountain at the end of Great George Street, Westminster. This spring they again built a nest, laid their eggs, and began to sit; but, owing to the backwardness of the season, they were in full view of all the passers-by, and we have reason to believe that their eggs were taken; at all events, the nest was deserted.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the Park pigeons is their excessive tameness, which seems to have grown as their numbers increased. They walk about most unconcernedly within a few feet of the constant stream of pedestrians; and, especially in St. James’s Park, are ever on the alert for the food which is often thrown to them; indeed, four or five may frequently be seen, in company with a small army of sparrows, almost at the feet of some person who is feeding them with pieces of bread or grain. This excessive tameness is curious, as, though it is well known that wood-pigeons during the breeding season so far alter their ordinarily wild habits as often to choose their nesting places in very close proximity to houses, they never seem thoroughly to lose their native wariness and fear of man, whereas the Park birds are very nearly, though not quite, as tame and fearless as the dove-cote pigeons which frequent Palace Yard, St. Paul’s Cathedral, the Guildhall Yard, and other open places, and that not only during the actual time of breeding, but during the whole of their stay in London, which we may observe does not extend the year through, as they leave town for the winter. The extraordinary tameness of the birds will be best appreciated by those who have shot “dows,” as they are called in the Eastern Counties, and who have, therefore, had experience of their extreme wariness and timidity in places where, owing to their mischievous and destructive habits, they are subject to constant persecution, and is an instance of the confidence shown by birds living under circumstances which render them free from fear of molestation.

The increase in the number of wood-pigeons has certainly added a charm to the Parks, as they are beautiful birds, whether

seen on the ground or on the wing, and, though the London smoke and grime darkens the brightness of their plumage, it cannot destroy it. At this time of the year many young birds are about which may easily be distinguished from their parents by their duller tints and by the absence of the extremely noticeable white ring on the neck from which the bird obtains one of its names—the ring-dove.

THE MUTINIES OF 1797.

v.

THE outbreaks at Spithead and the Nore were the great, but they were not the only, manifestations of mutiny in 1797. The grievances of the men being universal, the conditions which led to insubordination were found everywhere more or less. As the Government, in its dire need of men, had gone so far as to send such known rebels as United Irishmen on board some of its ships—particularly those which had their headquarters at Beersheven, and to some of the vessels with Jervis off Cadiz—there was likely to be no want of agitators ready to profit by the unrest of their comrades. Something, too, must be allowed for the force of example. Men mutinied in one station when they heard of a mutiny elsewhere. It was the report from Spithead which started the outbreak at the Nore. It was the arrival of the *Alcmene* frigate from the Nore which set going the ferment in Jervis's squadron. The concessions made to the Spithead men were considered to have removed the just causes of complaint, and reasonably so, as all had been given which was asked for. But it was not so easy to remove the discontent these long-standing grievances had inspired in the crews, nor their rooted distrust of the Admiralty. An authority which only concedes to force what it ought to have conceded to justice has no reason to look for gratitude. As we have said already, it is the fatal end of all successful insubordination that it sets the worse kind of man arguing that, if so much has been extorted already, more can be obtained by the application of the same method. It was, therefore, only natural that sporadic outbreaks of mutiny should occur in the squadrons abroad as the fire spread. They were of very various interest and importance. Some may be dismissed briefly, and of these is the insubordination at Plymouth which followed the Nore. Lord Keith had been sent there from Sheerness when the last of Parker's ships had surrendered. He was to hoist his flag on the *Queen Charlotte* as second in command of the Channel squadron. This outbreak was a comparatively slight one, and Keith quieted it by firmness and tact. In October—as soon, that is to say, as the news began to arrive from home—there took place a very serious mutiny among the ships at the Cape. This was suppressed mainly by the firmness of the Governor, Lord Macartney, and of Dundas, the General in command. They threatened to sink the ships, which were few in number and were lying under the very guns of the forts. To this threat the men surrendered. Several of the more active leaders among them were flogged or hanged.

The most dangerous and the best known aftermath of the great outbreak at home was the so-called mutiny off Cadiz. We say "so-called," because the movement never went beyond partial disorder and treasonable threats in individual ships. The vigilance of Jervis and the loyalty of the greater part of his squadron kept mutiny down. It might even be shown with no great difficulty that the somewhat blatant admiration of Jervis's biographers, and a certain stolid vanity which was mingled with the genuine qualities of the man himself, are answerable for the gravity attributed to the whole disturbance. Still, with Duncan's experience at Yarmouth as a warning, it would be rash to assert that if firmness and promptness had not been shown a part at least of the Mediterranean squadron would not have broken away. In July, when the news of the mutiny at home was known in the squadron, Jervis was still cruising in the ocean off Cadiz. His famous and vitally important victory off Cape St. Vincent had been won on St. Valentine's Day in February. It does not appear that he had much cause to distrust the ships which had fought under him on that great day, but as the summer came on the Government began to reinforce him. Not unnaturally, it selected for this service vessels which had been conspicuous in the Spithead mutiny or had been noted for bad conduct in the squadron then serving under Sir Roger Curtis on the coast of Ireland. These latter ships were swarming with United Irishmen. In Jervis's own squadron the marines had been largely recruited from Ireland, and by Irish-speaking Irishmen. The Admiral was early informed of the outbreak in the Channel, and took his measures with vigour. All visiting from ship to ship was stopped, even the captains being forbidden to ask one another to dinner. The quarters of the marines were separated from those of the sailors, and the speaking of Irish was forbidden. Wisely, and certainly boldly, Jervis made no attempt to conceal the news of the mutiny

at home from his men. When the letter-bags were found to contain circulars, written in a fair hand, inciting the crews to mutiny, he ordered them to be delivered. It is said that a Portuguese priest at Lisbon, who was in the pay of our Commissioner, that very remarkable person Sir Isaac Coffin, gave information that some of the Irish in the fleet had confessed to him that they intended to mutiny and murder the Admiral. But a priest who was capable of betraying the secret of confession must also have been scoundrel enough to concoct any lie by which he thought he could profit. Jervis trusted to his own vigilance, and to the effect of occupation. He kept his ships busy bombarding Cadiz in relays. Being also a man of judgment, he looked carefully to it that his crews were fairly treated. He spared no pains to procure fresh food and vegetables from Barbary, so that his squadron was better fed while actually blockading than many had been at home in English ports. Under an admiral of this stamp mutiny had the least possible chance of coming to a head, while resolute officers knew that they were sure of support, and the crews were saved from the exasperation caused by unfair treatment and unwholesome food. Therefore Jervis never had to deal with a general outbreak, as Bridport had at Spithead, but only with the absolutely rebellious element represented by the United Irishmen or rascals of the stamp of Bott, of the *Princess Royal*, an agent of the Corresponding Society. A little firmness was enough to dispose of them. How completely this was the case was shown by the fact that Captain Maitland, of the *Kingfisher* (afterwards Maitland of the *Bellerophon*), suppressed disorder in his ship by simply running the first man who was mutinous to him through the heart; and that Captain Peard, of the *St. George*, 98, with the help of his first lieutenant, Hatley, was able to seize and put in irons two agitators who were rash enough to defy his authority. They were tried, condemned to death, and hanged next day. The Admiral's determination and his power to keep order were never doubted in his own squadron. Among the ships sent out from the Channel was the *London*, the vessel on board which Lieutenant Bover had shot the mutineer. Bover had returned to his post, and it does not appear that the crew bore him any grudge. When the *London* came into the Tagus, her captain, Purvis, went in his barge to report to the Admiral. While he was on board the *Ville de Paris*—a vessel built by ourselves, but named after the Comte de Grasse's flagship, taken by Rodney in 1782—the tide carried the barge alongside her, and one of the boat's crew, seeing a sailor of the flagship looking out of a lower-deck port, sang out to him, "I say, there! what have you fellows been doing out here while we have been fighting for your beef and pork?" The sailor of the *Ville de Paris* gave him this friendly warning:—"If you'll take my advice, you'll just say nothing at all about all that here; for, by G-d, if old Jarvie hears ye, he'll have you dingle-dangle at the yard-arm at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." Whether the *London*s needed the warning or not, they acted on it, and were always well behaved. Indeed, throughout the whole fleet the cases of insubordination were sporadic, and were often confined to threats. The so-called mutiny on board the *Marlborough* was the crisis of the disorder. This vessel had come out from home, where she had been the scene of an outbreak, quelled with some difficulty. A court-martial was held on the principal mutineers, and one of them was condemned to death. Jervis, who had a keen sense of the value of an imposing spectacle, determined to make an example. He gave orders that the execution should be carried out next morning, although it was a Sunday, and by the crew of the *Marlborough*—not, as was the usual custom, by a boat's crew from another ship. Captain Ellison of the *Marlborough*, an old officer who had lost an arm in action, went on board the flagship to protest, and was received by Jervis very theatrically on the quarter-deck of the *Ville de Paris*, in the presence of all her officers. Jervis refused either to postpone the execution, or to allow it to be performed in the usual way. With a brutal ostentation of authority, not uncommon with him, he insulted Ellison by asking him if he was afraid, by threatening to send an officer to supersede him, and by jeering at his age. Ellison was compelled to endure the insolence of the Admiral. He returned on board the *Marlborough*, and next morning the execution took place in sight of all the fleet. A large force of armed boats was despatched, under Captain Campbell of the *Blenheim*, with orders to lie alongside the *Marlborough* and fire into her if any disorder took place on board. The mutineer was brought to the cat-head, and the rope put round his neck. At eight o'clock the signal gun was fired from the flagship, and the man was swung off. By some horrible piece of neglect the tackle had been so badly fitted that it would not work properly, and the man had to be lowered. For a moment it was thought that the ship had broken into mutiny, and Campbell brought his boats nearer. But the defect was quickly put right and the execution completed. Then Jervis, who had been watching the scene from his flagship, said,

"Discipline is preserved, sir." The story of the *Marlborough* must be taken as typical of a score of others. There was a bad element in the fleet which had to be stamped out in detail. Jervis did the work resolutely, though with a certain almost childish ostentation, for, much as he differed from him in many respects, he had all Nelson's love of a pose and a phrase. It is but just to remember that he belonged to, and had to deal with, a class of men who have always preserved a barbaric susceptibility to display. Wellington would have despised the ostentation of Jervis, but it may be doubted whether the seamen would have been equally impressed by the soldier's cold punctuality. If Brenton is to be believed, the story of the *Marlborough* had a sad sequel. Poor Captain Ellison was removed from his command, and fell to haunting the Admiralty with his grievance. Finding that he could not get attention, still less redress, he committed suicide by stabbing himself in the waiting-room at Whitehall, exclaiming as he expired, "I have always done my duty."

We may end our sketch of this terrible year by mentioning that it included the famous and infamous mutiny of the *Hermione*. This event stands, however, by itself. It was a case in which a badly constituted crew was driven frantic by a man of manifestly insane violence and brutality. The mutiny occurred in September in the West Indies. Pigot the captain was an officer of no mark. He seems to have been one of those men in whom the exercise of authority and seclusion from society produced a certain stamp of madness. It is difficult to write on that subject without touching on things which are *taecenda*. Whoever has realized the conditions of the old sea life, and is not ignorant of one or two medical facts, will understand the case of Captain Pigot. He went mad, and he drove his crew mad. It is a stock story that he threatened to flog the last men off the yards, and that, when two of them fell, and were dashed to pieces through their hurry to escape punishment, he ordered the bodies of the "lubbers" to be thrown overboard. This insult to the dead completed the work of his tyranny, and one may say in all seriousness that "Hell broke loose" on board the *Hermione*. Pigot was struck down in his cabin and thrown overboard, cursing and blaspheming in the wake till the water stopped his mouth. All the commissioned officers and all the warrant officers, except the gunner, the carpenter, and one midshipman, were killed with every circumstance of horror. The boatswain is said to have been backed to death by one of the boys with a dumscraper; and, in fact, the crew behaved like the devils their captain had materially assisted nature to make them. They completed their crime by handing the ship over to the Spaniards at La Guayra. It rounds off the tale that they were almost all eventually retaken and executed. The *Hermione* herself was recovered from the Spaniards by a Captain Hamilton, who cut her out from Puerto Cabello in the most splendid style—but the curse followed her. Captain Hamilton went mad from a wound on the head received in the fight, and was condemned by a court-martial for acts of cruelty as bad as the worst of Captain Pigot's. The whole story is one which Carlyle might have told, but which only Michelet would have told, as it deserved.

THE NAUTCH GIRL.

NO one can have anticipated that the new Savoy opera by Messrs. Dance and Solomon would approach the peculiar excellence of the works which Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have produced. Mr. Dance is not without wit, Mr. Solomon has a pretty gift of tunefulness, and a very fair sense of orchestral colouring; but Mr. Gilbert is a humourist of nearly the first rank, and Sir Arthur the most delightful of contemporary melodists, an absolute master of fanciful and imaginative instrumentation. The two, moreover, had a keen appreciation of each other's strong points. Mr. Gilbert supplied admirable opportunities, and Sir Arthur never failed to take them, and make the most of them. Their loss is irreparable; but at the same time Messrs. Dance and Solomon have compiled a very much better imitation of a Gilbert Sullivan opera than there was reason to hope for. It is not too much to say that the story itself is one which Mr. Gilbert might have invented, though the treatment sorely lacks the finish, the dialogue distantly approaches his quaint turns of thought, and the songs are still further removed from the model. So of Mr. Solomon's music. A few numbers are really pretty, not a few are decidedly bright. Sir Arthur himself might have written the "Vive! vive la liberté!" and the refrain, "This is the old, old story; Jack is in love with Jill"; but in the sentimental numbers the grace and delicacy of the master-hand are missing, and occasionally, in some of Mr. Solomon's many waltz movements more particularly, a tedious level of commonplace is not surmounted. To say this is to say that Mr. Solomon is not Sir Arthur Sullivan,

and no one imagined he was. Let it be added, however, that our chief feeling is one of astonishment to find that the author and composer who have essayed the extremely difficult task of following such exemplars have succeeded so well.

It is, no doubt, an easy thing, when once the idea is started, to satirize the stringent laws of caste. The father of Beebee, the Nautch girl with whom Indru, the Rajah's son, has fallen desperately in love, broke his caste by consenting to be pulled out of a river into which he had fallen by a pariah, whose degrading influence had run all the way down the long rope to which the Brahmin clung. It is quite in Mr. Gilbert's vein to let Indru find, when he has eaten "potted cow" in public, and so descended immeasurably in the social scale, that Beebee's claims to her parent's former rank have been admitted, and that she may not now stoop to marry one so far beneath her in station as the ex-Crown Prince of Chutneypore. The weakness of Mr. Dance's work lies in the fact that we catch so many feeble echoes of familiar episodes. The Rajah's weakness for any one claiming to be a relation reminds one too forcibly of the Pirate King's weakness for any one claiming to be an orphan; but here is the difference between Mr. Gilbert and his imitator—there is something inherently absurd about such sentimentality in a pirate, but a king might well have a regard for all members of the blood royal. The revivification of the wooden idol Bumbo suggests, again, the coming to life of the pictures in *Ruddigore*, as of the former pictures in *Ages Ago*. The lady who anxiously seeks a husband is a common figure in Mr. Gilbert's books—indeed, she is too common a figure, for until *The Gondoliers* she was inevitable—and Mr. Dance introduces her by the name of Chinna Loofa. Even in the exclamations there is a similarity between the new piece and its predecessors. "So like him!" the Rajah cries, when told that Bumbo has inconveniently come to life. "So like a band!" the Duke of Plaza-Toro cried, when informed that the band had inconveniently struck; and it may very safely be asserted that the Rajah's song and chorus, "This is the royal diadem," owes its origin to the song and chorus of "The Merryman and the Maid" in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. Sometimes, however, Mr. Dance falls happily into the spirit without any suggestion of direct plagiarism. It is quite a Gilbertian complication to make the Rajah liable to be thrown to the sacred crocodiles as a relation of a condemned criminal, when it is he himself who has incurred the liability by sentencing his son; and the revival of Bumbo is divertingly brought about. The Rajah, doomed by Bumbo, is willing to die because his relations must die with him, and they include the minister Pyjama, whom the monarch, despite his bump of consanguinity, cannot help detesting. It will be so entertaining, the Rajah thinks, to see Pyjama perish that he is ready to perish himself in order to enjoy the spectacle; and the protest that he "must not sacrifice his valuable life to an exaggerated sense of humour" is a remark which shows the writer to be a very apt pupil of his master.

Mr. Solomon deserves commendation for much that he has done, but not particularly so, as it strikes us, for the Indian music he has naturally introduced into his score. Some of the airs, unless we are much mistaken, are transcripts of native work; others are very nearly so—a note rather than a phrase being altered here and there. There is a good deal of Indian music in the first act, to signalize the entrance of the Nautch girls, of Beebee, and notably of the Rajah himself. But this simply means an inspection of documents at the British Museum or elsewhere. Much of the original music is so good that we find ourselves wishing it were just a little better. It is fluent, tuneful, ably scored; but it needs just that little touch of poetical fancy in some cases, of original humour in others, which separates excellence from skill and cleverness. Indru's ballad, "The sun was setting," only misses its claim to special commendation; and much the same may be said of the song "From the hive the bee each morning," in the second act. The composer's knowledge of stage effect is seen in several instances. The well-marked time of the refrain to Beebee's song, "One, two, three," may be mentioned; and several numbers of the second act—the better of the two by far, as it should be if the opera is to gain success—are of a kind to please an average audience. The Vocal Nautch Dance is very good indeed—the refrain dwells in the memory, and we feel that it is not unworthy of recollection. The Dance Septett is a more direct appeal to the demonstrative members of an audience; but such appeals answer a purpose, and we have not the least intention of damning a number with faint praise merely because it is popular. Mr. Solomon's orchestral imitations, or suggestions of matters referred to in the score, are sometimes clever in their way, but usually in the nature of claptrap. This sort of thing is easy, and the composer carries it to excess. We trust that the burlesque of the Hallelujah Chorus in one of the songs has already been expunged. The introduction of this showed that Mr. Carte had not the taste to check the composer's gross error of judgment, and trifles like this are significant.

We do not observe that Mr. Grossmith is particularly missed. Mr. Rutland Barrington exhibits much humour as the Rajah, and Miss Jessie Bond is a delightful Chinna. This young lady's position on the stage is indeed unique. She sings with excellent taste and with a distinctness of enunciation which cannot be too much commended. The rustle of leaves when a Savoy audience turns over the page of a book of the words is a condemnation of indistinct utterance; but when Miss Bond sings the ceremony is omitted, in the first place, because the auditor can hear what she sings; and, in the second, because the spectator fears to miss some bright little bit of "business," which gives character to the part and spirit to the scene. We scarcely know whether it is worth while wrapping up in polite phraseology the ugly fact that Miss Lenore Snyder forces her high notes and sings out of tune. Perhaps we heard her on an evening when she was not at her best, and we may be wrong in supposing that the bad habit is rooted. We will, therefore, pass over her performance with the expression of a hope that she will succeed—and we think success may be the word—better on a future occasion. Mr. Courtice Pounds sings well and works with most commendable industry. He has made really great improvement as an actor; and a tenor who can act at all is an exception to the rule. Mr. Pounds is a capable vocalist, and for the rest is both artistic and refined. Mr. Denny plays Bumbo with appreciation of comic character, and Mr. Wyatt's dancing enables him to pass muster. Had Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan continued to work for the Savoy, we feel that we should have hesitated to accept Mr. Wyatt's more conventionally pantomimic humour; but he is an adequate Baboo Currie. Mr. Thornton is a little deficient in fun as Pyjama. Here the want of Mr. Gilbert's stage-management is perceptible. He would doubtless have made suggestions of effective detail; but the ordinary stage-manager devotes himself mainly to the composition of what he regards as good stage pictures. Art is brought to bear upon the opera by Mr. Percy Anderson, whose dresses are, singly and collectively, models of good taste in dealing with a very difficult subject; and Mr. François Cellier's occupancy of the conductor's chair ensures a more satisfactory performance of the music.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE present is not a favourable time for extensive speculation, and yet an attempt is being made once more to run up the price of silver. It began, as might have been expected, in the United States, but just now it would seem to be more vigorously pushed in Europe, and especially here in London, though it is not quite clear whether the buying in London is altogether speculative, or partly on account of the Bank of Spain. The argument of those who hold that silver is too cheap at present is that under the Bill now under discussion, when it passes the Cortes, the Bank of Spain will have to buy a large amount of the metal, and that, as the supply is small, the price in consequence must rise. But if that were all it would not have much effect upon the silver market. Therefore, a second argument is, that the harvest in Europe will be so bad that the exports of wheat from India will be on an unusually large scale, and that India, therefore, will be able to take payment in large proportion in silver. Unfortunately, the summer rains in India have been much delayed this year, and it is not by any means certain that they will be as abundant as is desirable. If they should not be, and if drought should be at all general in consequence, the crops upon which the native population subsists may be short; in the north more particularly wheat may, therefore, have to be largely consumed, and thus it may happen that the exports from India may not be so large as at one time was thought probable. But, even if India is able to export wheat as largely as was hoped a little time ago, it is far from certain that she will take payment in silver. For the exports of European manufactures, and particularly of cotton piece-goods, have been very large; and if they should continue on anything like the same scale, it may be found that the debts due from India to Europe will only just be offset by those due from Europe to India. Lastly, it is contended that the American Government will soon begin coining the whole of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of ounces of silver that it buys every month. That seemed probable until the end of last week. The Silver party was urging it strongly upon the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary seemed inclined to give way; but on Friday of last week the Cabinet decided that only the old trade dollars and fractional silver should be re-coined for the present. Roughly, the nominal value of the trade dollars is one million sterling. They have been held in the Treasury for a long time past, because they could not be got into circulation; and under a

recent Act of Congress they are now to be re-coined, and either re-issued or silver certificates issued against them. For some months to come, at all events, therefore, none of the silver which is to be bought will be coined, and consequently there will be no issue of certificates against it, or, in other words, no inflation of the currency. It is possible, of course, that the Silver party may prove strong enough to induce the Cabinet to reconsider its decision, and may even compel coining of all the silver bought. But even should it do so, we fail to see how that would in any way justify a rise in the price of the metal. Every month $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ozs. are bought by the American Treasury, and are paid for by the issue of Treasury notes. Whether the silver is coined or not cannot affect the value of the silver which is not yet bought by the Treasury; especially since everybody knows that, even if the silver were coined, the dollars could not be got into circulation. They would remain in the Treasury just as the bullion remains. And it is difficult, therefore, to see why the Silver party should attach very much importance to the coining. True, the silver when coined is, in contemplation of law, of higher value than silver as mere bullion, and therefore it is contended that silver certificates may be issued over and above the value of the silver that is bought as bullion. But that would not inflate the currency so much as to affect the price of silver. It may safely be concluded, then, that the new speculation in silver will not last very long. There is too much distrust in Europe; the money market is too uncertain in America as well as here; and the facts, or supposed facts, which are put forward to justify a rise in price do not really prove what they are produced in evidence of. But if, contrary to expectation, the silver speculators should be more powerful than they seem to be, and should for a while carry up the price, they will inevitably cause mischief in the United States. Meanwhile, the rise in price goes on. On Wednesday there was an advance to $46\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz., but as New York did not give as much support as was expected, the quotation fell back on Thursday to $46\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There was some expectation of the change, but the fact that the rate was not put down to 2 per cent. shows that there was a difference of opinion amongst the Directors. And this was natural, for it is an open secret that the Governor very unwillingly assents to the fall in the value of money that has been going on for weeks past. It will be in the recollection of our readers that to prevent the fall he tried to induce the leading joint-stock banks to co-operate with him, but failed to do so. Whether he was opposed to the reduction on Thursday is not known, but perhaps he and the majority of the Court felt that it was useless to struggle against the inevitable. On Wednesday the rate of discount in the open market was as low as $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; the Bank, therefore, was entirely out of the market, and there was little chance that it could recover business while it kept its own rate at 3 per cent. Gold is still coming in from abroad, and next week the interest on the National Debt, amounting to nearly 4 millions, will be paid out of the Bank of England. For some weeks, therefore, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market will be so large that obviously no single institution could artificially prevent a decline in rates.

Early in the week the stock markets were greatly agitated by rumours of impending failures. It was said that a couple of large firms had lost so much during the past few weeks that they were in inextricable difficulties. And there was also a report that the continued exports of gold from New York had created so much alarm that the metal was being hoarded, and the money market would probably before long be thrown into confusion. But, quite suddenly, the feeling changed on Wednesday. Firstly, there was the announcement that the Triple Alliance had been renewed, giving assurance that European peace will be maintained. Then there was an unexpected recovery in New York on the preceding day. Bankers there came to the conclusion that the gold withdrawals were about to cease, and the leading operators bought stocks more freely than they had done for two or three weeks. The rise in New York gave general encouragement here. It, in the first place, led to a hope that much of the money lost during May and June would be got back again; and, further, it spread the impression that if there were to be a revival of speculation in New York, after a while it would lead to speculation in Europe and to a great increase in business. On Thursday the reduction of the Bank rate further encouraged members of the Stock Exchange, as it seems clear now that money will continue abundant and cheap for some time to come. Over and above all this, for some days past Consols and Colonial stocks have been rising. One of the most disquieting circumstances of the recent fall was the steady drop in Consols. At the close of last week they were somewhat under 95, and people feared that this must be caused by the ex-

pectation of bankers that troubles were ahead, and that preparations, therefore, were being made by them against contingencies. The recovery in Consols has dispelled the fear. And the recovery in Colonial stocks leads to the hope that investment is at last beginning again. But though there is a decidedly better feeling than at the beginning of the week there is no real increase in business; the public is still doing nothing, and even the greater operators are not doing much. The news from South America is as bad as it well can be. Even the most sanguine are now convinced that it must be long before there can be an improvement in the Argentine Republic. And the civil war in Chili seems to be growing quite savage, and threatening to utterly exhaust the country. In Portugal, too, the crisis has been deepening. And the renewal of the Triple Alliance, though politically advantageous, threatens to increase the difficulties of Italy, since it will render necessary continued large expenditure upon the army and the navy. On the other hand, there is one more favourable influence, and that is the great improvement that has taken place of late in crop prospects upon the Continent as well as at home.

The arrangement of the affairs of Messrs. De Murrieta is not yet quite completed, as there are some legal matters to be settled; but it is understood that this will involve nothing more than a short delay. All essential points have been arranged.

The revenue returns for the first quarter of the financial year are very satisfactory, taking everything into account. It is true that there was no Easter in the quarter; whereas Easter last year fell in April. On the other hand, last year business of all kinds was exceedingly good, and now we are passing through a crisis. The total receipts of all kinds amounted to 21,914,000*l.*, an increase compared with the corresponding period of last year of 445,495*l.* There was, however, transferred to the Local Taxation account 1,300,000*l.*, whereas in the corresponding period of last year the amount so transferred was only 339,000*l.* Therefore, the receipts into the Exchequer decreased somewhat over half a million, in spite of the increase in the total receipts of nearly half a million.

The month of June brought about an extraordinary improvement in the crops all over Europe. At home it is now hoped that the harvest will be nearly if not quite up to the average, and even on the Continent there is a marked change for the better. The Continental crops will, however, be short, though the deficiency, it is now hoped, will be less than seemed likely a few weeks ago.

Mainly owing to the extreme cheapness of money, there has been a marked recovery in investment securities during the week. Consols, for example, closed on Thursday evening at 95 $\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Indian Three per Cents closed at 96, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Bank of England stock closed at 335, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. There was also an advance of $\frac{1}{2}$ in Rupee-paper, but that was mainly owing to the new speculation in silver. The Four per Cents closed at 78 $\frac{1}{2}$ on Thursday evening, and the Four and a Half per Cents at 78 $\frac{1}{2}$. Home Railways stocks have fluctuated a good deal during the week, but the changes at the end are not very considerable. Generally speaking, there is an advance in the Preferred Ordinary stocks, with either stationariness or decline in the Deferred stocks. Thus, Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed on Thursday evening at 109, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday evening of 1; South-Western Preferred Ordinary closed at 66 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; Brighton "A," in which there has been for some time a struggle between speculators for the rise and those for the fall, recovered $\frac{1}{2}$ during the week, closing on Thursday evening at 141. In the Undivided Ordinary stocks of the great Companies there has not been much change, the principal one being a rise of one in London and North-Western, which closed on Thursday evening at 172. In the American Railroad market there was a heavy fall on Friday and Saturday of last week, which was continued on Monday and Tuesday; there was a marked recovery in New York on Tuesday, and in London on Wednesday, and some slight decline on Wednesday in New York, and on Thursday in London; at the end the quotations do not differ very much from what they were at the close on Thursday of last week. Amongst inter-Bourse securities the only notable change is a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ in Portuguese bonds, making allowance for the coupon which has just been paid; the closing price on Thursday evening was 43 $\frac{1}{2}$. The feeling is very general that the coupon now paid will probably be the last which will be received for some time to come. In all Argentine securities the depreciation made further progress during the week. Thus, the Argentine Four and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday evening at 35, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday evening; the National Cédulas of the "A" series closed at 19 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and the Provincial Cédulas of the "I" series closed at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Buenos

Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday evening at 88-91, a fall of 3 compared with the preceding Thursday; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 137-139, a fall of 6; while Central Argentine closed at 58-60, a fall of 3.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EMPEROR.

THE opinion to be produced in the mind of the German Emperor by his visit to England is a matter of interest to all. The occasion is essentially a formal one. It is no mere addition to a family gathering; for it has been officially announced that the visit is to be considered one of State, and that all the details have not only received the sanction of Her Majesty, but have been also endorsed by the official heads of our own departments of State. It will, therefore, afford hereafter an interesting source of conjecture to the Emperor why or how the syllabus of arrangements was made. He is himself a student of Statecraft in all its aspects, from military imperialism to comparative sociology, and he must therefore find, or at least search for, some guiding principles in the selection of materials for his delectation. In the matter of royal hospitality there can be two motives—one to please the guest, the other to impress him, or the motive may be a resultant of both purposes. In the present case, the conjecture must ultimately cross the Imperial mind—was the programme made to please him? If so, what attention has been paid to the more intellectual side of his character, as exemplified in his acts? He is a patron of the arts, and yet nothing is done to gratify his artistic taste, with the exception of scraps of operas at Covent Garden, a concert at the Albert Hall, and some fireworks. These, especially the first two, represent social life of the upper classes under the advantageous circumstances of a whip-up from the highest quarters; but the art is not representative. The singers are to be of all nationalities. There are to be Germans, Italians, Americans, Russians, Poles, and two English singers—the self-same singers that he hears in his own capital. The music is to be eclectic, with just a suggestion of British composition; and this for a great monarch paying his first State visit to England—a monarch English on his mother's side; a grandson of our Queen; the Emperor of those clustered nationalities for so many of whose less fortunate princes British matrimonial-regal hospitality has provided a home. The British painters and sculptors are ignored altogether; they and their works alike treated as too obscure for any presentation to even that monarch who, in his desire to achieve a worthy international assemblage of works of art, actually risked a recrudescence of war feeling between Germany and France. This phase of artistic neglect is, perhaps, natural amongst the ruling body of a country whose State portraits and statues are, almost without an exception, wrought by foreign hands, despite the fact that her schools of art are second to none in the world. One other artistic neglect is also noticeable in the arrangements made for the Emperor's visit. He is in his own country a great patron of the drama. Not only is he a regular theatre-goer, but his interest in the actor's art is noticeable even in a land which, for generations, has adopted the cultivation of the drama as a means of national improvement as well as of recreation; he is a devoted admirer of Shakspeare, and in many ways encourages the study of his works and their presentation on the stage. But on his first State visit to Shakspeare's land neither any example of the poet's work nor even of the art which he loved, and followed, and glorified, is presented to him. Surely he will be in some difficulty in this phase of the intellectual process of his commentary. He will say to himself, "They have shown me a most admirable fleet—hardly a ship of which, by the way, has ever been in action. They have had some troops out for review, but as to numbers, really"—the natural politeness of the German race will leave the sentence unfinished. "They have given me silver weddings and garden parties in *bourgeois* costume, which made me more than ever determined to carry out with rigour my system of picturesque Court uniforms. They have made me listen to the same music that I have heard in my own Bayreuth—with the novel experience of a difference. But they might have credited me with some intellect, some taste. It was all very well to bring the Shah to the Opera"—and here the manhood of him might break through the courtliness of his Imperial breeding, and he might express his feelings in the slang which he might have accidentally picked up in that incognito visit to London wisely left open for the afternoon of July 7th. "All very well for the Shah, but what price me?"

But it may be that to please the Emperor has not been the dominant idea in the minds of the State officials. A Queen's efforts to please her daughter's child, howsoever worthy they may be, afford hardly so dignified a spectacle as the chief of a great nation surrounded by the highest officials of the State making

welcome a foreign potentate in such manner as to display to the best advantage the powers and resources of the nation; and surely it is from this standpoint that their action should be judged. They are all British, and as such must surely be proud of Britain's place in the world, and of all that has made and makes and holds that place. But is it not a mistaken idea to try to convince so great a foreigner—and especially one surrounded during his visit by his great officers and magistrates of State—that the life of England consists in groupings of soldiery, in quantities infinitesimal to the eyes of the master of German legions, in garden parties and six-guinea Court-dress stalls at the Italian Opera? The mind of the young Kaiser, trained as it has been to consider the needs and the daily life of his people, as well as the glory of his Court, will certainly rebel against such an idea, and will seek some other *rationale* for the deprivation inflicted on his higher intellect. He will be unable to realize, as is to be seemingly required of him, that London is composed of only two classes—a crowd held back by bâton and bayonet, and an upper circle whose elements are seemingly few, since the same faces are to be seen everywhere, at garden party, princely wedding, silver wedding, opera, concert, review, and fireworks. This is not England, and the sooner that the fact is brought overtly to the conviction of our Imperial guest the better. The sun of England's greatness is not merely the lustre of the Crown jewels, not merely the shine on the slime of the streets, or the glitter of the bayonets of our Reserves at peace strength. There is a life of the nation of which these things, though certainly a part, are not the whole; but, if the Emperor would know something of the country, he seemingly must find it out for himself, for his official hosts do not seem in the way of showing it to him. "A nation devoid of art" may be an official dictum, but it is not a truth; and the sooner its untruth is manifested the better. We have a school of painting of supreme excellence; we have a school of acting that the whole world looks up to, and which has a tradition a century older than the *Comédie Française*; yet on State occasions these sources of national pride, which other nations do not fail to acknowledge, are completely neglected. The social and political advisers of Her Majesty have acted according to their judgment. But it is at least advisable that a protest—and a serious one—should be raised against the manner in which their ignorance of, or their indifference to, certain facts has placed us as a nation in the position of neglecting the higher aims and qualities of our guest, and of lacking appreciation of some of those powers amongst our people which are elsewhere cherished as a source of national pride.

EXHIBITIONS.

A REPRESENTATIVE collection of the decorative work of Mr. Walter Crane is now on view in the galleries of the Fine Arts Society, 148 New Bond Street. The one hundred and thirty-nine entries in the Catalogue give but an inadequate idea of the number of productions exhibited, as under one number will often be found several frames, containing from twelve to twenty designs for one single book. It is very interesting to note the gradual development of Mr. Crane's toy-book illustrations, which began to appear in 1865, ranging from archaic drawings and crude colouring to the elaborate designs and subtle shades of hue of his more recent books. The designs for "My Mother"—large-headed figures executed in a few primitive colours—compare to disadvantage with the more delicate tones of blue and green used in the illustrations to the "Blue Beard" of 1874. The designs for "The Three Bears" are full of variety of subject and of fun; while the drawings to "The Fairy Ship" of 1869 are wholly admirable, especially the portrait of the sturdy and pompous "captain," who "was a white duck with a jacket on his back." Good, too, are the other drawings to the same story, where the white mice—in sailor-costumes especially adapted to the peculiarity of their figures—man the yards, or peer into "the cabin" which "was full of raisins, with almonds in the hold." In the latter place the kernels are heaped up most neatly around the four walls of the room, and two very earnest-minded white mice are busily engaged within the centre-space in conscientiously sampling numerous specimens of the almonds.

Mr. Crane's fancy and invention seem to be endless. His ideas flow at the minutest suggestion given by the numerous and varied subjects that he undertakes to illustrate. Whether it be old English songs, or Grimm's tales, or an alphabet, or a *Baby's Opera*, or head- and tail-pieces, we are sure to find some graceful idea or some merry fancy introduced into the composition. The *Printers' Headings* (30) are charming pieces, in which Mr. Crane has allowed himself, as he has done in no other of his designs, to introduce spirited action; in his customary drawings the figures are almost always in placid attitudes.

Besides these numerous book designs, there are here specimens of Mr. Crane's work in gesso, of his pottery, and of his bronze-work. There are also sumptuous specimens of wall-papers. Of these last, however, while we confess peacocks to be gorgeous indeed, we yet feel that, to have peacocks on the dado, as well as peacocks on the walls, is to give too much wealth of colour to the decoration of one room. This is an indication of a real fault in Mr. Crane's work—his lack of reserve. It was natural, again, that he should wish to paint pictures as well as to draw designs, but the carrying out of this desire adds but another instance to the rule that an artist who habituates himself to note and depict objects in the flat so trains his eye that he is no longer able to see things truly when he endeavours to represent them in the round. It is the fact of Mr. Crane's being able with so much ease to draw designs to be executed in colours in unrelieved masses that makes his decoration so excellent. But surely it would be better, both for Mr. Crane's own reputation and for the satisfaction of the public, if he would refrain from exhibiting these curious dry paintings of naked ladies with shapeless torsos, ill-modelled limbs, and tiny heads, or lean men with no apparent brain-reserves to the backs of their heads. Even worse than these, if possible, are the elaborate allegorical paintings, devoid of all life, charm, or beauty. Mr. Crane is an admirable decorator. He should be content to have conquered this one world.

At Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street is now to be seen a collection of the etchings, drawings, and sculpture of Professor Legros. As we examine these works in a mass, we are struck as we never were before with the pedagogic tendencies of M. Legros's talent. A large proportion of these etchings, lithographs, and busts seem to be mainly undertaken for the purpose of experiment, as if to show to a class examples of varied executive style. For instance, one series of the etchings (8 to 18) appear to display what can be done by a very heavy stroke, monotonously and emphatically, and with a curious effect of "running," as if on a damp surface. The subject seems quite subordinated to this experiment in style. We are inclined to think M. Legros in some degree the victim of his love for executive demonstration; hence, the first states of his etchings are frequently more artistic than the second, where he seems to over-heap the design, and smother it in his dark lines. There are two very pretty landscapes here, which exhibit the etcher to us in rather a new light; "Au Bord de l'Eau" (34) and "The Gate" (31, 32), both graceful and refined. We are bound to say that these offer us some relief after the coarse and over-emphatic plates which surround them. In his anxiety to be pathetic we cannot but feel that M. Legros is in great danger of excess of sentiment; yet he has something of Slavonic power in his grisly intensity. A series of slight portraits of persons of distinction forms a valuable section of the work exhibited here. Upstairs we find some examples of silver-point, academic in character; these strike us as a little overworked. Of his bronze masks and statuettes we cannot speak in even modified praise; sculpture is not M. Legros's province. It requires more training than he has been willing to submit to. On the whole, we cannot say that an exhibition entirely devoted to M. Legros's work is likely to enhance his reputation. It draws special notice to what is tedious and unexciting in a talent the existence of which it would be as idle to question as it would be absurd to overestimate it.

Mr. Melton Prior is a special war artist, who has followed the march of our troops in Ashantee, at Ulundi, in Egypt, and in Burmah; as well as that of other more or less victorious armies in Servia, Montenegro, and Turkey. He was one of the first, and is still one of the most skilful, of those intrepid draughtsmen who have done so much to develop our military journalism. At the St. James's Gallery, 4A King Street, St. James's, Mr. Prior has brought together a large collection of the sketches he made during the Burmese and Egyptian wars. Most of them are pencil drawings, which seem to have been jotted down on the spot and worked up afterwards. Those which are not in pencil are lightly washed in in Indian ink, with pen outlines. They suggest short stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and the spectator is almost disappointed not to find a view of the walls of Lungtungpen, and the parade that so much scandalized Mulvany. They are particularly interesting, as showing how war is actually conducted in these wild outposts of civilization; the English soldiers always formed in set squares and masses, while the savage is but a raging individual. In this connexion the almost mysterious terror produced by the Dacoits is made curiously intelligible. These great dark creatures, skulking like night-birds in trees and dens, implacable and fatal in ambushed attack, seem to haunt Burmese and English alike with a sense of horror; and perhaps the finest of all Mr. Melton Prior's drawings is one (47) which seems to conclude this series, a gang of captured Dacoits being set against a wall and shot. In

the sketches of Burmese native entertainments, the resemblance of the figures to Chinese types is interesting and noticeable.

In Mr. Prior's Nile sketches, the camels—marching in procession, descending to water, kneeling to form a wall within the battle—present a very curious recurrent element. A long line of wounded men, each borne in a little hooded bed slung beside the hump of a camel, gives a strange, pathetic interest to "General Buller's Column Retiring" (103). But, although these Egyptian studies are faithful and pleasing, they have not the singular novelty of character which marks Mr. Prior's Burmese sketches.

We are rather late in drawing attention to a collection of French and Dutch pictures at the Hanover Gallery, 47 New Bond Street. Among the French examples are several charming studies by Corot, and a sketch in pastel by Millet of his well-known "Angelus" (29). There are also a few of Diaz's dark, rich-coloured landscapes, as well as a landscape which is said to be the joint work of Corot and Daubigny. The Corots are, without exception, very delightful; they depict, of course, what that master loved to paint, dim-green poplars against a grey-blue sky; a towing-path beside a weed-covered canal (37), flanked on either side by infirm pollard ash-trees; or "Le Lac" (62), the waters of which pool gleam faintly through the customary sparse Corot foliage. In the instance where Daubigny and Corot have joined brushes, as it were, it is interesting to note that the foliage becomes more dense than that of Corot, while less heavy than that of Daubigny. There are two interesting studies of peasant life (75 and 76) by Millet, that bold and sympathetic delineator of the clumsy-handed and wooden-shoed French peasant.

The Dutch water-colours and pastels are of the class which we have lately learned to admire. Certain art effects of the town of Delft, by A. Le Comte, give a very excellent impression of rainy streets. Mr. Hubert Vos's "Brother of the Brush" (5) is an ambitious study of an artisan, carefully finished. But still better painted is "Fishing Woman, Scheveningen" (19), a very true and striking portrait-drawing by Miss Anna Veegens. There are also examples of such well-known artists as Mr. Mesdag and his wife, Miss Roosenboom, Messrs. Henkes, Wijsmuller, and Zilcken.

THE WEATHER.

SUMMER at last! In complete forgetfulness of our recent cold weather, people have complained loudly of oppressive warmth, although as yet nothing approaching intense summer heat has been felt. A temperature of 81° was recorded at Cambridge on Thursday, June 25, but this has not subsequently been repeated there or elsewhere in these islands. Rain has come to most parts of the country, and several districts in England have picked up half an inch of their deficit of rain in the week, but not as yet to the West of Scotland, where hardly a drop has fallen to make the fish move and render the rivers fishable. On Thursday, June 25, most parts of England were visited by thunderstorms, and in the North-West these were very severe, more than two inches of rain being collected both at Liverpool and Loughborough. The day was very hot in many parts of the Continent, 84° being recorded at Stockholm, Berlin, and Wiesbaden, and 83° at Brussels; we have already mentioned 81° as our maximum at Cambridge. On this (Thursday) morning a cyclonic system came in from the Atlantic to the West of Ireland and passed up northwards outside the Scotch coast. It produced a fair amount of rain, but sporadically, the largest quantities being at the entrance of St. George's Channel, and in the far North of Scotland. By Sunday this system had quite passed away, but more rain had fallen in the West of Ireland and in the Hebrides. A fresh system of disturbance appeared off the North-West of Ireland on Monday and followed its predecessor northwards. Under its influence most of the Irish stations collected over half an inch of rain on that day, a quantity which was also registered at Stornoway next day. During Tuesday the isobars over England began to assume an irregular wavy appearance indicative of showery weather, if not of thunderstorm. Heavy rain fell at Seilly and extended up to London during the night. On Wednesday this fall was continued in the West, and nearly an inch was collected in Devonshire, Pembrokeshire, and at Liverpool. The temperature has been decidedly more seasonable than of late. The average maximum reading in London during the week has been 74°, and at Cambridge 76°, while in France 91° was observed at Perpignan on Monday the 29th, and at Belfort 90° on Tuesday, and 92° on Wednesday.

SHODDY SATIRE.

WE have not often seen a more flagrant example of shoddy satire than has found its way this month into the *National Review*. The writer of the article called "Wanted—a Style" is

one whose mind might be fired with the praise of Father Flecknoe, and might flush with envy of Uncle Ogleby. Even in these constitutional days he seems to reign, for a moment, "o'er all the realms of Nonsense absolute." Mr. Gilbert Coleridge—for that is the name of the person who assumes the rôle of the new Attila of our civilization—is displeased with everything. Our poetry, our prose, our art, our music, even our collars and our institutions, pass under the scourge of this satirist. With a style of his own which recalls the early essays of undergraduates in a University magazine, in sentences so broken-backed, so lumbering, and so artless that scarcely one of them would escape the editorial blue pencil of a daily newspaper, Mr. Gilbert Coleridge attacks the writers of the age, collectively, for lack of distinction, for producing nothing but "a jumble of tentative gropings."

From every page of this astounding article we could pluck a posy of beauties, but our readers must turn to the original. They will discover in one single paragraph that Mr. Stevenson is "a creature of fancy," who "delights" us with "a drapery" that "grips" and "lingers like a scent"—a most unpleasant kind of drapery; that the "untrimmed blocks" of those barbers Browning and Carlyle "show the mad haste of profound thought"; that there are nowadays "quarrymen of philosophy who give us their true gold with the dust of the pickaxe scarcely disturbed upon its surface"—a strange enterprise in mining; and that Mr. John Morley—save the mark—"presents to us the delicate furniture of his mind, shaped with precision, and brilliant with French polish." They will learn, still in the same paragraph, that Mr. Gilbert Coleridge "snatches occasional cold comfort from our boomsters, whose epitaph should be" something or other of a very commonplace character, and that "oceans of criticism," far from "detering the exposure of shoddy goods," encourage it in "the mart of letters." Such is the command of imagery, such the sarcasm, of the new Daniel come to judgment. In the language of Miss Knag upon a celebrated occasion, we may say, "Of all the ready humour we ever heard, Mr. Gilbert Coleridge's is the most remarkable—hem! It is so gentle, so sarcastic, and yet so cultured, that how, or when, or by what means he acquired it, is to us a mystery indeed."

Since a certain Duke—with not more knowledge, indeed, but with a greater vivacity of manner—denounced the fine art of England about a year ago, we have not met with a satirist so cocksure or so entirely ill-equipped as the new Timon of the *National Review*. What the right of Mr. Gilbert Coleridge to speak on literary subjects is may be judged from the following amazing sentence:—

Perhaps it is as well that we should not have a common literary style, for, if we had, these eccentricities of genius and these feats of facility, now being practised by the makers of our age's reputation, might possibly be curbed into the commonplace mannerisms of a Jonson, or a Sidney, or a Fletcher.

When he deals with architecture, when he chatters vaguely about "that pride, or rather pique, which stirred a Meissonier to execute 'La Rixe,'" when he loftily patronizes "the youthful and promising Hamish McCunn," or when he talks of "a 'salvo' or 'cave canem' culled from classic times," he displays the same want of acquaintance with the subject in hand that is shown by his reference to "the commonplace mannerisms of a Fletcher." It would be difficult, within so small a compass, to display less knowledge beaten over a larger surface, and even when he has got hold of a just idea, his manner of treating it, and the crudity of his statement, remind us of some lines of Cowper, not very polite indeed, but not wholly inappropriate:—

So should an idiot, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre on which an artist plays,
With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes.

Enough, however, and too much, of Mr. Gilbert Coleridge. We have touched him only because his article is a peculiarly flagrant instance of a kind of product which the multiplication of intellectual labour now tends to encourage. To excel in any particular branch of industry and learning is difficult; to gain a universal smattering which permits us to sneer at large is easy. That criticism should always be indulgent is impossible, and even undesirable. But the universal sneer is the weapon only of an ignoramus. To perceive what is going on at a cricket-match or a spinning factory, in one of the fine arts or at a stock exchange, is not given to the superfine idler, who, with no previous training, strolls across the foreground and volunteers his opinion. Some proof of personal distinction, some accent of authority, is demanded from those who set themselves up as the censors of any branch of complicated activity. For a youth without such claim to stand up and tell us that the literature and art of our country are generally gone to the dogs, is more than we can endure. "Go, beat thy drum," we say to him, "and get thee gone."

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

COUNTING in the present match, Cambridge has won twenty-nine of the fifty-seven which have been played between the two Universities, Oxford being credited with twenty-five, and three having been drawn on account of rain. The last of these draws (the only draw for forty-seven years) was in 1888, when a fourth day was appropriated to the match without avail. Out of the last fourteen matches Oxford has won only four, whilst Cambridge had only won two of the previous seven. Of the teams which met each other at Lord's on Monday, each included eight old Blues, the new men being, for Oxford, Boger of Magdalen and Winchester, Brain of Oriel and Clifton, and Watson of Balliol and Harrow; and for Cambridge, Weigall of Emmanuel, Rowell of Jesus and Rugby, and Wells of Trinity and Dulwich. Taking the twenty-two men as a whole, it may be observed that Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Clifton, Dulwich, and Brighton are each responsible for the early training of two, whilst Fettes, Wellington, Repton, Uppingham, Charterhouse, Marlborough, and Rugby supplied one. Of the colleges, Magdalen, Oriel, and Balliol claim two each of the Oxford men; four of the Light Blues hail from Jesus, and two from Trinity. This reckoning is not affected by the substitution of Mr. Case for the Hon. F. J. N. Thesiger, since both belong to Magdalen. The loss of Mr. Thesiger early in the game was a misfortune for Oxford. After beginning the day with a record of his "first" in jurisprudence, he did an hour's excellent fielding as third man, until his hand was injured in attempting to stop a hard ball close to the ground. One of the Cambridge team took his place up to lunch-time, when Mr. Case was substituted. The significance of this disaster is evident when it is remembered that Mr. Thesiger headed the bowling averages of Oxford last year with the excellent record of 9·3 in first-class matches, whilst his batting average was 19·5. Before we go on to describe the match of 1891 it will be interesting to mention the averages of other old Blues from last season. Mr. Llewelyn's batting average was 23·11, Mr. Palaret's 19, and Mr. Smith's 14·13. Mr. Berkeley's bowling average was 15·17, Mr. Smith's 20·15, and Mr. Bassett's 21·18. The batting averages of Cambridge show Mr. Douglas 30·16, Mr. McGregor 30·8, Mr. Streatfeild 27·5, Mr. Jephson 20·9; whilst the other four old Blues exceeded 14. Mr. Woods (who has now played his fourth and last match for Cambridge) headed the bowling averages with 9·29, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Streatfeild being both under 20.

Mr. McGregor, having won the toss, put in Douglas and Rowell to the bowling of Bassett and Smith. Brain kept wicket, the rest of the field being of course variously disposed for the different bowlers, of whom Oxford tried four. Thus for Bassett, a left-handed bowler (like Berkeley in this respect), Smith stood point, Palaret cover-point, Llewelyn mid-off, Boger long-off, Thesiger third man, Jardine extra mid-off, Watson mid-on, Berkeley slip, Wilson extra-slip. When Smith bowled, Llewelyn was point and Jardine cover-point, Watson mid-off, Bassett slip, Berkeley mid-on, Palaret extra third man, Thesiger and Wilson keeping their old positions. From the beginning of the game, strange to say, Oxford played with extreme confidence and success, whilst Cambridge almost suggested the ridiculous idea of a panic. Of course there was no such thing, but the Light Blue captain appeared to have enjoined caution, or at least a waiting policy, on his team; and, when their first two wickets had fallen to Bassett for seven runs, the succeeding batsmen were either nervous or cautious to excess. The main care, one would have thought, was to avoid the disgrace of a "run out," and spectators who had settled down in the expectation of seeing some grand hitting, with perhaps a century or two from a team of such high repute, were a little out of their reckoning. Weigall and Foley improved the pace, Weigall in particular quite justifying his inclusion in the team. Still the scoring was anything but lively, and the first five wickets fell for 6, 7, 30, 38, and 61. The difficulty experienced by the Cambridge men in getting properly set at the wickets may have been due in part to the shifty sky. Twice in the first hour the game was stopped by rain, a quarter of an hour being lost on each occasion; but no doubt the chief cause of the early success of Oxford was their admirable fielding and bowling. Jardine and two or three others were remarkably effective in baulking some of the finest of the Cambridge batsmen; and up to lunch-time, when the score stood at 86—5—10, Oxford had all the best of the game. After lunch there was a great change. Hill and McGregor between them made a splendid stand. The old Marlborough captain had his eye in from the first, and hit with more confidence than any one else on his side, at any rate until Streatfeild came in. At ten minutes past three the hundred went up, and half an hour later the score stood at 130. It was now that Berkeley, who had taken Smith's place at the Pavilion end a little before lunch, began to prove effective. He gave McGregor a ball which puzzled the Cambridge captain so

much that he played it into his wickets, and retired for a well-made 29. Streatfeild came in and made the quickest, if not the best, scoring of the day. In the half-hour following McGregor's departure, 48 runs were put on, Hill completing his invaluable innings of 62, and Wells running up 11 in a lively and risky fashion—of which Brain took advantage by stumping him with the score at 178. To all appearance Woods came in disposed for a short life and a merry one. If that was so, he realized a moiety of his aspirations, being dismissed without scoring. Streatfeild was now supported by Jephson—as pretty and serviceable a bat as ever acquired a reputation for being safe for a dozen as last man in. He and Streatfeild increased the score by 31 whilst they were together, and the innings closed at a quarter to five for the more than respectable total of 210.

Oxford had astonished the onlookers—and Lord's has rarely welcomed a gayer or more numerous company than that which looked on at the match from beginning to end—by their determined and difficult bowling, and by fielding which left scarcely anything to be desired. It remained to be seen what fettle they were in for batting. Not much more than an hour and a half was left of Monday, though the light continued to be excellent up to seven o'clock, and in that time Oxford lost seven wickets for 88 runs. The only double scores were the very fine 38 of Llewelyn and the 16 of Smith. Little can be said of this innings except that Woods, who took in all seven wickets for 60 runs, pretty well demoralized the side, the captain and Wilson falling to him without scoring, and Boger being thrown out by the same hand from cover-point with a dash which was worthy of all praise. The innings ended early on Tuesday for 108, and Oxford had to follow on. Llewelyn again scored well, and the first four men reached double figures; but for all that, when lunch-time arrived Oxford had lost three of her best men, and still wanted 41 runs to save the single-innings defeat. Soon after lunch Case was run out and Palaret caught—two bits of admirable fielding—and thus the Dark Blues had lost half their wickets, and were 21 behind.

It was now twenty minutes past three, and quite suddenly the fortune of war had changed again. In clean bowling Llewelyn and Watson before lunch Woods had virtually shot his last bolt. Only one more Oxford man was actually bowled, and that was by Streatfeild. Wilson and Smith were together, and their partnership yielded 47, at the rate of nearly two runs a minute—considerably quicker scoring than that of Hill and Streatfeild on Monday. Of these 47 Smith had made 32; but Wilson remained at the wickets until the innings closed, making a magnificent contribution of 53, and leaving Cambridge with 90 runs to get. The old Brighton boy had defied the lightnings for an hour and forty minutes, and nobly expiated the unfortunate slip which prolonged the innings of Hill on the previous afternoon. The task now assigned to Cambridge was a mere bagatelle for such a team. It was five o'clock, and they had been fielding heroically all day; but there was nothing in that to make an average of nine runs per wicket an onerous undertaking, with ninety minutes to do it in. Every man was stationed as at the outset of the match, and, as before, Rowell's was the first wicket down. Weigall followed him close, Smith and Bassett having taken the wickets. Then Douglas and Foley did the only piece of successful scoring in the second innings of Cambridge. They raised the score by 35 runs, and once more the Light Blues were in good heart. It was at this point that the match assumed its most remarkable aspect. With the score at 47 Berkeley was put on to bowl, and the old Wellingtonian, with his peculiar cycloidal action and deadly break, rose to the occasion, and achieved as much as ought to be expected of any bowler under such circumstances. He could not prevent Foley from making up his 41, and atoning for a certain want of polish in his fielding earlier in the day; but he clean bowled four men for 18 runs, caught another, and delivered the ball which Foley sent into Boger's hands. Woods ended his career as a member of the Cambridge team by making the winning hit of four, and the Light Blues won the match with a couple of wickets to spare.

Taking one thing with another, the Universities have rarely played a more interesting game, and Cambridge can well afford to have it said that Oxford divides with her the credit of the match of 1891.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE dramatic season approaches, very rapidly, its end. Almost every night some theatre or other closes its doors. On Saturday the last performance of *The Dancing Girl* took place at the Haymarket. A few evenings earlier Mr. Hare put up the shutters at the Garrick. Then Mr. Toole made his last bow previous to his "annual tour in the provinces." The successful career of *Carmen up to Date* is ended for the time being, and the

last nights are announced of *Joan of Arc*. In short, before the German Emperor's visit is over there will be scarcely a theatre of any importance open in London. May be it is well this should be the case; for our theatres, which are veritable "caves of the winds" in winter, are—by some extraordinary circumstance or other, over which their respective managers apparently seem to have no control—absolutely air-tight in summer.

A Night's Frolic did not, as we predicted, prove very attractive at the Strand, and consequently Mr. Willie Edouin replaced it this week by Mr. Charles S. Fawcett's *Katti*, an inconsequent piece, if ever there was one. It, however, affords Miss Alice Atherton some good opportunities to exhibit her versatility, and Mr. Willie Edouin some equally fair chances to be amusing. *Katti* is a merry young woman, a German maid-of-all-work, whose employers believe her to be an heiress, and load her with obsequious attentions. When they find out their mistake, it is too late, and *Katti* has won her object—the heart and hand of her sweetheart. This piece is too long drawn out to be genuinely funny. Its humour is forced, and it more often bores than amuses.

Of course, imitations of *L'Enfant Prodiges* are springing up in all directions. This week, independently of Mr. Arthur Roberts's and Mr. Marius's most amusing parody of the famous play without words, introduced into the first act of *Joan of Arc*, we have had *Cobwebs* at the Gaiety, a pantomime in one act, arranged by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, with music by Ivan Caryll, for Miss Norreys, and *L'Amant de Pierrette*, represented on Monday night for the first time before a very distinguished audience at Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox's, for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. *Cobwebs* has very pretty music, and we suppose Miss Norreys, who looked charming, acted rightly, according to the intention of the author; but this must remain an open question, for no one present could make head or tail of what *Cobwebs* was about. The piece was unfavourably received by an impatient and none too civil audience. Mr. Colnaghi, on the other hand, scored a success. His little pantomime is very intelligible, and was followed with attention and pleasure. Mr. Cotsford Dick's music is appropriate and graceful, and the actors one and all distinguished themselves.

Mrs. Annesly is the title of a new play by Mr. J. F. Cook, who is at present only an amateur, but who possesses evidences of talent as a dramatist of no mean order. He may, if he chooses, arrive!—that is, with patience and study. The plot of the piece was, we imagine, suggested by a perusal of *Lady Audley's Secret*. It is rather awkwardly constructed, but the dialogue is excellent. Mr. Frederick Harrison, as the hero, acts in a manner which did him great credit. His gestures were invariably appropriate and graceful, and his diction is quite remarkable, in this age of word-slurring and mumbling, for its purity and clearness. Mr. William Herbert, too, made a success of the difficult part of a queer Catholic priest with a "silent" love affair he does not quite understand. Miss Beatrice Lamb, who improves each time she undertakes a new part, was a passionate heroine with a secret she has eventually to confess to her rival; and Miss May Whitty, a graceful *ingénue* with gentle sympathy for all and sundry.

Two new plays were produced at the Shaftesbury on Thursday afternoon for the benefit of Mr. W. H. Griffiths. The first, *Jasper's Revenge*, is by Mr. Wynne Miller, and not to be compared with his really charming *Dream Faces*. The plot may be described as decidedly retrospective. Everything happens before the curtain rises, and the play proper consists in explanations and the settling up of old scores. Mr. Lionel Brough, however, played very well the part of an old colonel, and Miss Webster very nicely as his daughter. Miss Winifred Emery, on this occasion, gave her touching and graceful rendering of the mad scene from *Hamlet*, and then we had *Cleopatra*, an adaptation from the old French play of *Les Amours de Cléopâtre*, in three acts, of which there were just two too many. At the same theatre, a little later in the week, a dismal and mysterious play, entitled *The Rule of Three*, was produced before a depressed audience. Mr. Pierris Leclercq was its author, and it dealt with many and divers horrors, including the supposed suicide of the heroine and her subsequent restoration to life, with a gash in her bosom and a pleasant smile on her countenance. Miss Alma Murray acted the heroine of this very odd play in her well-known Cenci style—i.e. with intense suppressed and expressed emotion. Mr. Fuller Mellish tried to do his best to support Miss Murray through her arduous task, and failed like the play.

Mr. Marshall Wilder, the "American humourist," as he is generally called, is an admirable artist. His sense of the ludicrous is singularly acute, and he possesses no inconsiderable vein of pathos. This week he took a benefit, and it was, we are pleased to record, "a bumper." Yet another American reciter. This time it is no less a personage than the "Queen of American Dialect Readers"—Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter is the name of the

lady who claims this exalted and high-sounding title. She has considerable versatility, a keen sense of the ridiculous, and tells her tales very pleasantly indeed. Her accent, however, varies according to the State in which the scene of the piece she is reciting occurs, and it is curious to note the difference which exists between State and State in the matter of pronunciation. The twang of the East yields to a sort of drawl as you go West. The negro influence is felt, and very prettily too, in the Southern accent, which is slow and hesitating, but deliciously soft and melodious. We should like to see Miss Potter on the stage. She should be a capital actress.

WITHOUT RESERVE.

[Not just yet—they say: but never mind.]

TO be sold! to be sold! in convenient lots
At the purchaser's taste, the most charming of spots
That, as if at a wave of the wand of a fairy,
Sprang up from the earth with the Plan of Campaign
And, the Plan being smashed, may go under again,—
The desirable township of New Tipperary.

Sure, 'tis full of such treasures as never were seen,
It has streets and a mart, and a weighing-machine,
And, bedad, 'tis the mart that's delightfully airy.
There's "divil a sowl in the place, anny way,
On that mart's atmospheric resources to prey;—
'Tis a fine town to breathe in is New Tipperary."

To be sold! to be sold! who will bid for that street
Into which they decoyed the poor wandering feet
And set up the abode of the tenant unwary?
For Queer Street who'll bid? 'Tis the district indeed
Into which all the rest of the thoroughfares lead,
The most populous quarter of New Tipperary?

Who will bid for the market?—historical place
And of interest high in the lore of our race.
Anthropologists won't of their offers be chary,
At least they should gladly come down with their gold,
For a market where so many men have been sold,
As those dupes of Campaigners in New Tipperary.

For the weighing-machine who will bid? who will bid?
Fathers Humphreys and Bourke will be glad to be rid
Of a balance whose weights so amazingly vary;
They sadly compare what the promises weighed
Upon which they erected O'Brien Arcade
With their weight just at present in New Tipperary.

On the gains of the Plan, if contention prevails,
They will need but the aid of a toy pair of scales
(Such as serves for the seed of the smallest canary);
And what would be speedily kicking the beam
Is the worthless return from the fraudulent scheme
Engineered by the founders of New Tipperary.

'Tis the plant of a milk-walk that's going—who'll buy?
The American cow has run hopelessly dry,
And there isn't a ha'porth of "skim" in the dairy;
The principal milkman is landed in gaol,
Who will bid, who will bid for the pan and the pail
That were once overflowing in New Tipperary?

To be sold! to be sold! not the rubbish alone,
But the wreck and debris of the schemes overthrown
By the Parnellite feud and Gladstonian quandary;
The last rag of chance for the Separatist plan,
The last ray of hope for a baffled old man,
With the bricks and the mortar of New Tipperary!

REVIEWS.

OYSTERS.*

WHILE we are still a month at least from the nearest native, it is hard to have to study the subject of oysters. In any case, at any time, it would be alarming to sit down seriously to the digestion of the two plethoric volumes before us. Mr. Philpots, however, is determined we shall know "all about them," from the time the Chinese began to cultivate them, about the year 1, down to the present date. These volumes contain 1,370 closely-printed pages of post octavo, and are needlessly and tediously filled out with repetitions, contradictions, quotations,

* *Oysters, and All About Them*. By John B. Philpots. London: Richardson.

and the undigested results of the inquiries of historians, naturalists, cultivators, and Government inspectors. It might have been thought that from this immense gathering of material nothing important would have been omitted. Yet we fail to find any reference to a paper much talked about two or three years ago as to the visual powers of the mollusca. The discovery was first made by Mr. Moseley, and the subject was taken up warmly by the late Mr. Tenison Woods, who published the result of his researches in the Journal of the Royal Society of New South Wales. We naturally turn to Mr. Philpots for the latest information. He enumerates no fewer than one hundred and seventy distinct species of the true oyster; but, of course, that which finds its way into the fishmongers' shops in London is the most interesting to us.

The highly digestible quality of the oyster considered as food was known at a very early period. When Sergius Orata "ennobled the Lucrine oysters," the British variety was unknown to the Romans; but Sallust, at least fifty years B.C., says of the Britons that there is some good in them after all, as they produce an oyster. Sergius had his beds off Baie, and made a profit out of them, as they were much in request as a prelude to a banquet, and were esteemed besides for their medicinal virtues. "They nourish wonderfully," we are told, "and solicit rest," being more heating than any drug or mixture that the apothecary can compound. The disgusting habits of the Romans enabled them to swallow in some cases a thousand British oysters at a sitting, but that was when, as Professor Huxley reminds us, even ladies "carried about with them peacock's feathers and other dainty throat-ticklers for the purpose when they anticipated a more luxurious feed than usual." Seneca, in the time of Nero, renounced both oysters and mushrooms as mere provocations of appetite, "causing those who are already full to eat more, a thing no doubt very pleasant to gluttons, who like to stuff themselves with such food as very readily slips down and very readily returns." But in times much more remote oysters were in vogue. In Denmark and the Northern parts of our island kitchen-middens of the Stone age yield oyster-shells, and Professor Forbes affected to pity "the enthusiastic oyster-eater, who can hardly gaze upon the abundantly entombed remains of the apparently well-fed and elegantly shaped oysters of our Eocene formation without chasing 'a pearly tear away.'" We cannot believe that oysters ever went out of fashion with our ancestors. "Ostre" occurs in Anglo-Saxon, and seems to be connected with "ost," a knot, a scale. William the Conqueror is said to have esteemed the English oyster very highly, and it figures in the *menu* of many mediæval feasts, especially in Lent.

The oyster (*Ostrea edulis*, Linn.) is properly a shelly mollusc. He really "sits in his bones," for his shell is an ossification, or, to speak more exactly, his shells, for he has two. One of these is convex, the other flat; and, strange to say, the oyster, instead of sitting on his flat side, sits on the convex valve, and glues it, if he can, to a rock. But the upper valve is the thinnest and lightest, and is, therefore, the most easily raised. A strong muscle closes the valves tight, but in a state of nature, or when the animal within is no longer alive, the shells gape. A skilful opener of oysters puts his blade in at the hinge, and cuts the ligament which binds the shells together; but a long experience of oyster-shops has revealed but few of these deft operators, and they chiefly belong to the superior, if weaker, sex. When the shells are apart we see the oyster's heart, a dark mark in the middle of his body. It may be seen to pulsate in a sluggish manner; for though an oyster, no doubt, has his feelings, and wears his heart, so to speak, on his sleeve, he does not readily betray his emotions. When the connexion which binds him to the under shell is severed he immediately dies; and, as this *coup de grâce* is always given before he is "tucked in," it is nonsense to talk of eating oysters not only raw but alive. The "beard," or gills, immediately collapse, and may be examined, when they will be found to consist of four thin plates, or layers of muscular fibre. The mouth is situated near the hinge, and the gills set a current of sea-water circulating towards it. Hence the current passes into a wide gullet, dilating into a spacious stomach. The blood of the oyster is colourless, and his nervous system is apparently of a rudimentary character. Indeed, Professor Huxley is kind enough to comfort "lovers of oysters" by assuring them that "the sensibility of the oyster is infinitesimally small." A single full-grown oyster produces, at the proper season, about a million young, which swim about for a week or so, and then settle down to home life, attaching their still microscopic shells to any solid body which in their wanderings they have encountered. They are now about the twentieth of an inch in diameter, and form little white specks, called "spat." In six months they attain the size of a threepenny piece. At two years old they are two inches across, and at three years three inches, so that their growth is rapid.

Perhaps the most curious thing in the natural history of the oyster is its sex. When a female oyster has parted with her season's eggs she assumes the male sex. How long this metamorphose lasts and how often it takes place are still unsolved mysteries. According to a French naturalist, the change is effected at will, and the oyster can choose its sex. It is possible that when the female oyster has given a million hostages to fortune she thinks she has done enough for one lifetime, and so begins again as a male oyster, or the changes may—and this is far more likely—be periodical and involuntary. The spat is often deposited in strange places. Old boots are named among the objects to which the

oyster will attach itself, as are the backs of lobsters and crabs, clay pipes and broken bottles, or the shell of a turtle. Mr. Philpots mentioned an old Chinese teapot without a spout, into which a young oyster had found its way and gradually grown until it filled the whole vessel. The mouth of the teapot was closely plugged by the lower valve of the shell. Thousands of youthful oysters fail to find even such a place of security as this, and are devoured by sea-urchins, star-fish, crabs, birds, and even quadrupeds. A fox who tried to taste an oyster was caught by the tongue, and the fateful tide came up and drowned him. Three mice have similarly been found with their little heads in chancery. But the oyster has more reason to dread sand than any more animate enemy. "The Moan of the Native" appeared in *Punch* some years ago, and told the sad tale of an oyster subject to the malign influence of sand:—

It gets into my shell and the delicate fringe
That I use when I breathe, and I can't shut my hinge.

Further on he tells us:—

I've complained to Frank Buckland, who quite understands,
But he can't undertake to abolish the sands.

The best native oyster-beds are at Whitstable. As far back as the time of Henry VIII. Whitstable was a fishing town of some note, being then called Northwood. The principal beds are owned by a joint-stock Company, into which "there is no other way of entrance but by birth, as none but the free dredgers of the town can hold shares." Some three thousand men are employed by the Company, and it is said that wages are paid in Whitstable alone to the annual amount of 160,000*l.* Three days a week the beds are dredged for the London market. On other days the operation of planting is performed, removing dead oysters, clearing away mussels, and so on. There are always about fifty millions at a time in the beds. "Brood" is largely brought from the Essex side of the Thames when it is deficient at Whitstable. A fine fleet of boats is in use, and on the 5th August, when the season opens, seventy or eighty sail may be counted all ready for their cargoes of oysters. A local capitalist has formed a museum for the instruction of the dredgers, who are enabled to become intimately acquainted with the natural history of the bivalves in their charge. "The mere addition of a working microscope has in a few weeks taught the Whitstable dredgers more about the oyster than the oldest and most experienced amongst them ever knew before." The great hope of oyster-eaters is in the extension of beds conducted on similarly scientific principles, and there are many kinds almost, if not quite, as good as the genuine native. The late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck tried to establish beds near his castle on Brownsea Island; but the Poole fishermen declared, with the usual shortsightedness of the noble British working-man, that Mr. Bentinck was trying "to rob them of their birthright," and the attempt was abandoned.

A large size of native is sometimes to be met with, and it is a complete mistake to suppose that the smaller it is the better. There is no loss of flavour in the larger size; but of course, like old wine and old mutton, old oysters are expensive. We do not, however, exactly long for the Port Lincoln oyster of South Australia, which sometimes measures a foot across, and which, fried in bread crumbs and butter, is as much as an able-bodied man can consume at a sitting. Fortunately oysters are found in every sea except, perhaps, the Baltic, for some two billions are eaten annually in Europe alone. It is interesting to hear of "oyster gardens" near Sydney, where you go to bathe, taking a towel and an oyster-knife, with a loaf and butter, where you deposit your clothes, and may eat as many oysters as you can open for a shilling. There is no doubt that the oyster thus freshly taken from the bed may be tasted in the greatest perfection. Travelling disagrees with his liver, which is among his largest and most important organs, and keeping him in ice deteriorates the flavour, as it does that of all fish. The somewhat melancholy conclusion of the whole matter is that oysters are palatable, wholesome, nourishing—and expensive—and that a great many beds will have been laid down before they can be anything to us but a luxury or a medicine. They are recommended as "soveran" against the influenza, and calculated to keep old people alive when all other food fails; but we may long in vain for days when a cookery-book began its recipes with "Take a hundred and fifty oysters," or "Take of oysters two quarts." But, as they say in a neighbouring island, "the best way to cook an oyster is to eat him raw."

NOVELS.*

IN *A Harvest of Tares* Vere Clavering has achieved the not too easy task of making a readable and, indeed, interesting story out of very well-worn material. The young couple who are suddenly, and from no fault of their own, reduced from affluence to poverty, are nearly as familiar as are their tormentors—the fraudulent trustee, a solicitor of course, with a fawning

* *A Harvest of Tares*. By Vere Clavering. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

A Political Wife. By Mrs. Hubert Bourke. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.

Gallegher; and other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. London: Osgood, Melville, & Co. 1891.

Only Clärchen. By Isabel Don. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.

deferential manner, and an obtrusive affectation of piety, and the female adventuress with a shady past spent mostly on the Continent. Against such a couple what chance is there for a young hero and heroine? (brother and sister, be it noted, for the love interest is throughout of the slightest), whom we accordingly find to be duly beggared at the end of the first volume, and thereupon to establish themselves *selon les règles* in poor lodgings, like the characters in the late Mr. H. J. Byron's plays, and, after enduring the regulation amount of hardships, opportunely to become acquainted with the one person in the world capable of foiling the interloping pseudo-relative who has robbed them of their inheritance. But, though the material is old, it is very deftly employed; the story is told in simple, straightforward fashion, and the characters, save in the cases of the two villains aforesaid, who, it must be confessed, are somewhat conventional, are brightly and freshly sketched. We trust, however, that we are justified in expressing a doubt whether a young lad of one-and-twenty, fresh from Eton and Oxford, a good fellow and deservedly popular wherever he goes (as the hero and narrator of this book leads us to picture him), would, if suddenly and from no fault of his own deprived of all his fortune, find no more congenial or remunerative means of livelihood than a situation as assistant at a circulating library at a salary of eighteen shillings a week. What reflections would such a fact, if fact it were, invite as to the substantial value of the education afforded (and that at no mean cost) by those ancient seats of learning, what still more dismal meditations as to the hollowness of school and college friendships! If it be necessary for the author's scheme that the hero and his sister should drain to the dregs the cup of genteel poverty, some special agency should have been devised to account more satisfactorily for the non-interference of friends on their behalf. However, notwithstanding such faults as we have indicated, *A Harvest of Tares* may be recommended as likely to amuse and interest the lover of light and entertaining literature from start to finish, for its author treats a somewhat conventional subject in fresh agreeable style, and, though occasionally reminiscent of what one has read before, the author is never dull.

In *A Political Wife* the story of Romeo and Juliet is, as it were, brought up to date, and set in the somewhat prosaic surroundings of modern electioneering. We take our politics, especially our Irish politics, in such large and frequent doses nowadays that we would gladly be spared them at the hands of ladies who write novels, and it must be confessed that there is little in this narrative of the loves of a Conservative Capulet and her Home Rule Montague to constitute it an exception to the rule. The story opens with a contested election, which proves, however, a very dull affair; indeed, the course of modern legislation, on this side of St. George's Channel at any rate, appears to have improved all the picturesqueness out of our contested elections. The Eatanswill of Charles Dickens is as much a thing of the past as the Guzzleton of Hogarth, nay, even the milder election humours which furnished Tom Taylor and Robertson with subject matter for plays are no longer with us; the hustings, like duelling and summary arrest for debt, are no longer at the service of the delineator of contemporary manners. If, then, Mrs. Hubert Bourke has failed to amuse us, she has her excuse in the reforming influences of the Ballot Act, and similar enactments for the improvement of the British Constitution; unfortunately, she is equally unsuccessful in her efforts to instruct, for her political creed, though fervent enough, is not very profound. This is evident enough when her characters are propounding the Conservative opinions which are her own; but, when the exigencies of novel-writing compel her to assume the rôle of *advocatus diaboli*, and to preach the doctrines of Socialism and Home Rule, it must be confessed that she places before her readers the veriest political pap it is possible to conceive. For the rest, the story is agreeably told, save for occasional lapses into a shipshod style, as in the phrases, "the sun had a delicious habit of setting," "in reality it was partly all these influences which were at work," and "charming ingeniousness," a word which Mrs. Hubert Bourke should learn to distinguish from "ingenuousness," while there are hundreds of books of reference, a glance at any one of which would have saved her from writing of "Grindley Gibbon's carvings."

Mr. Harding Davis can write a good short story direct and to the point. Such, in the volume before us, are "Gallegher," and "My disreputable friend Mr. Raegen," and the three episodes in the life of young Van Bibber at the end of the book. The motive of the story of Mr. Raegen, the reclamation of a burglar and homicide by the purifying influence of a little baby, has done duty more than once before, but the tale bears telling again when as freshly and crisply told as it is by Mr. Harding Davis, to whom especially let us record our thanks for that, being an American, and indeed most emphatically American in style and in local colouring, he has given us plenty of pathos and plenty of fun undisfigured by that free and irreverent handling of sacred matters which unfortunately characterizes too much of his countrymen's literary work. Perhaps as a contrast to the straightforwardness and simplicity of his other tales, and to show that he can be mysterious when he likes, Mr. Harding Davis throws in a story called "The Other Woman," which puzzles us as nothing has puzzled us since the closing scene of *The Doll's House*; from first to last its three *dramatis persone* labour to render themselves absolutely incomprehensible—an end which, it may at once be admitted, they triumphantly achieve.

The story of *Only Clärchen* is, as it were, the story of Cinderella retold in modern dress, wherein Clärchen, otherwise Clare Melville, of an English father, but German by right of her mother, of her birthplace and bringing-up, plays the part of Cinderella, and wins her fairy prince—represented by a somewhat typical young Englishman, rich, of course, and accomplished, it equally goes without the saying—in spite of the dangerous counter-attractions of her cousin Augusta Folliot, a fashionable English beauty, and the Countess Suvarow, Hungarian by birth, Russian by marriage, cosmopolitan by choice. Miss Isabel Don tells her story in fairly interesting style, though it must be owned that in her pages talk and action are almost as unequally proportioned as were the sack and bread in Falstaff's tavern-bill.

GLIMPSES OF NATURE.*

THE author of the chatty and occasional papers collected into this volume takes a succession of such small incidents as occur in the life of every naturalist, and discourses about them, in a grandfatherly way, to a supposed audience of attentive tiros. He is bathing and scratches his tender skin against a colony of sea-acorns; he thereupon lectures to us upon *Balanus porcatus*. He hangs over the side of the "Ankworks package," and tells us all about *noctiluca*, and why they flash and glow in the water, until it is time to turn in. He finds a large spider's web in the corner of the kitchen-window, and he holds us, leaning spellbound across the dresser, until he has explained the process of spinning, and has told us never to call a spider an "insect." One who has stolen a cuttle-bone out of a canary-bird's cage (can such crimes be?) is arrested, not by the police, but by Mr. Wilson's account of the component parts of cuttle-bone, its place in the cuttlefish, and what it was doing in the home of the canary. Here are notes about sea-urchins, and a bit of sponge, and dandelion-down. Here are disquisitions on why the sunflower rotates with the sun, and why M. Fabre was not justified in saying "Que voulez-vous donc, bestioles maudites?" to the Sataris beetles that would not eat bees, and what the gall-insect does with her gimlet-shaped ovipositor. It is all perfectly desultory, but it is pleasantly and not too sentimentally told, and may be read without fatigue. The only drawback to these snippets of accidental information is that, if people learn so much natural history as this and no more, they have learned nothing. As the gossip of a genuine naturalist it is all agreeable enough, but its positive value is not very apparent.

Some of the little essays at the end of the book lie more out of the common way. The paper on "The Spleen"—in the course of which we are glad to see that Mr. Wilson quotes Green, the poet-laureate of that organ—is interesting and ingenious. This description of the mysterious substance appears to us novel and usefully figurative. "The spleen," says Mr. Wilson, "is like a ship-breaker's yard, or, rather, more closely resembles a railway dépôt. The old and useless rolling-stock of the blood is got rid of within its environs, while new rolling-stock is built and prepared for the varied uses of the system." "The Tongue and Speech" tells a curious story of how Dr. Nicolas Tulp, whose face is familiar to us in Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy," examined the case of a man whose tongue had been cut out by pirates, but who regained his speech after being struck by lightning. Another medical oddity is the account of Colonel Townshend, who could make himself expire at will, and come to life again—which feat he positively performed in the presence of several physicians in the beginning of the eighteenth century, showing thereby, as modern science supposes, an abnormal command over the heart and lungs such as has hardly been met with in any other European. Mr. Wilson does not go any further than this; but we may suggest that some extraordinary power of the same kind may explain the feats of Indian jugglers and fakirs, who profess to die, are buried and left, and after an amazing interval reappear alive.

A MANUAL OF FORESTRY.†

THE first volume of this useful work, consisting of Parts I. and II. of the *Manual of Forestry*, was reviewed by us on December 21, 1889. This second volume describes the practical application of the principles of Sylviculture to be found in Part II.; Parts II. and III. together forming a manual of sylviculture as distinguished from forestry in general, to which the remaining parts of the work will be devoted.

The volume before us, therefore, treats of the formation of woods, the selection of trees for that purpose, the various methods employed in sylviculture in detail, and—by no means the least interesting portion of it—the description of trees in use for woods, under the name of Sylvicultural Notes, with an Appendix of "Botanical Characters serving to distinguish the principal British Forest Trees," by Professor H. Marshall Ward.

* *Glimpses of Nature*. By Andrew Wilson. With Thirty-five Illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus.

† *A Manual of Forestry*. By William Schlich, Ph.D., Principal Professor of Forestry at the Royal Indian Engineering College, Coopers Hill; late Inspector-General of Forests to the Government of India. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lim.

At the outset we must find fault with the use by Dr. Schlich of the word *species*. The word *species* is used to denote any sort or kind of tree or plant, instead of being confined to its proper use in botanical classification. In botany we have the class and sub-class, the order, the genus, the species, and the variety, as a series in classification. It is, therefore, improper to use the word *species* when the unscientific words *kind* or *sort* are applicable. At p. 37 there are the pines, the broom, and the marrum-grass alluded to together as *species*—three plants as far apart in classification as they well can be.

Having got rid of our fault-finding, we have nothing but satisfaction to express on the merits of the volume. The details concerning the formation of woods are very minute, and sylviculture as a branch of the whole important subject of forestry is fully set forth by the learned professor of the art. Dr. Schlich divides and subdivides his subject, not only in chapters but in sections and sub-sections, which, with a good table of contents, much facilitates the labour and saves the time of the student. It is eminently a technical book, and when forestry takes its place as a valuable, or rather invaluable, branch of land management, too long left to amateurs, who however, in the person of the country gentleman, have nobly done their best to preserve the woods of England, it will be a text-book on the subject in every technical school of forestry. To the common lover of trees, of nature and the picturesque, outside the purely technical student, the work will be attractive, for in Chapter IV., "Sylvicultural Notes on British Forest Trees," and in the Botanical Appendix, comprising together a third of the volume, he will find descriptions of trees of considerable interest to the world at large.

In the first three chapters, Part III., the "Formation and Tending of Woods," will be found some details of planting not generally known or practised. There are four different ways of forming a wood. Having chosen the site and the kind, or kinds, of tree (called by Dr. Schlich *species*)—if only of one kind it is a pure wood, if of more than one it is a mixed wood—the wood can be formed either by sowing the seed broadcast, by planting seedlings sown in a nursery, by planting transplants, the common way when seedlings in a nursery have been transplanted two or three times and are about five years old, or by natural regeneration. The first and last methods, sowing seed broadcast and natural regeneration, have not been usual in England, but when in large undertakings the labour of planting is taken into account there is doubtless an economical advantage in sowing or in self-sown seeds. Also a seedling never transplanted preserves its natural root system from the first, and care of the root system is a part of sylviculture insisted on in the Manual, but we fear much neglected by the ordinary nurseryman planter. For full particulars respecting the preparing the ground, the seed, the seed-bed, the sowing, the planting, and the tools used, the book must be consulted, and there are eighty illustrations in aid of the text. The natural regeneration of a wood—the term used for allowing the seeds falling from mature trees to grow into a wood—is interesting, and takes us in imagination to the primeval forests, which must in the nature of things renew themselves. Much attention is given to the various seeds, various in size, weight, shape, and germinating qualities with the seed-years of the different trees, some not giving a full crop of good seed except in intervals of a few years, which is a matter of importance in natural regeneration.

The fourth chapter, giving particulars of the forest-trees, with the Appendix of Botanical Notes by Professor H. Marshall Ward (whose work on timber and some of its diseases we reviewed in 1889), is of value to all tree-lovers, whether professional or amateur. The matter is divided and subdivided according to Dr. Schlich's invariable practice, and the first division is arranged into two groups—"the broad-leaved and the coniferous species" (*species* again). He limits the number of British forest-trees to twenty for his present purpose, and these include all the well-known trees, with a few exceptions, to which we shall call attention.

The broad-leaved trees are—

1 Beech	5 Elm	9 Birch
2 Hornbeam	6 Sweet Chestnut	10 Willow
3 Oak	7 Maple	11 Poplar
4 Ash	8 Alder	12 Lime
		13 Hazel

The coniferæ are—

14 Silver Fir	18 Weymouth Pine
15 Spruce	19 Larch
16 Scotch Pine	20 Douglas Fir
17 Austrian Pine	

Each tree, with its specific botanical name, is described under nine heads with the letters *a* to *i*. For example—*a*. Utility, some, not all, of the purposes for which the timber is used; *b*. Distribution; *c*. Locality; *d*. Shape and development; *e*. reproductive power, &c. &c.

We miss here such a very beautiful and useful tree as the walnut. Handsome in its shape and foliage, famous for its fruit, and most useful and ornamental as furniture wood. Perhaps it would be misplaced in woods, and should stand apart ranked as a fruit-tree. The plane is another beautiful and important tree omitted. No tree can be said to be handsomer, with its beautifully-shaped leaves, their fresh and bright green colour, and the elegance of its form. It is peculiarly adapted to towns, and is most refreshing to the eye in Paris and London, notably

on the Thames Embankment and the Boulevards, defying City atmosphere on its own account, and purifying it on ours. It probably would not "pay" in woods, not doing well when crowded, and if so, it is not suitable for forestry, which ought to be technically a paying concern. It is a most grateful tree in London, in the parks and squares, and in Paris, in the boulevards and avenues, by no means to be neglected. The horse-chestnut is also excluded, of value only perhaps for its splendid flower and ornamental qualities.

Trees are described as more or less storm-firm. The extraordinary destruction of trees by the blizzard in the West of England on the 9th of March last was, however, fairly impartial, and it would be difficult to say that one tree was more storm-firm than another. In the matter of forestry it was a rare example of devastation in an area of about twenty miles square, in the district of which Plymouth is the principal place near the south-western extremity of this wonderful visitation.

In the Appendix of Botanical Notes by Professor N. Marshall Ward twenty-eight kinds of trees are found; but the extra number arises by subdividing such trees as the elm, poplar, and maple into two or three species. Mr. Ward changes the order in which the trees are taken, we learn from a note, on botanical considerations, which "necessarily differ" from "Sylvicultural grounds." He begins with the spruce fir and ends with the ash. The firs are all Abietinæ, and the spruce is *Picea excelsa* Abietinæ. He describes the flowering of the trees, the male, female, and hermaphrodite flowers, all three of which are to be found on some trees, a curious example of the economy of nature, if economy it be. The broad-leaved trees, as we know, are deciduous, and the coniferæ, with the exception of the larch, retain their leaves for some time, the spruce for six to seven years.

This is a very useful, well got-up, well arranged, and well printed book, a book that ought to be on the shelves of every country gentleman's library, and that it may lead to a better study of forestry is very much to be desired. For the whole country to be handed over to agriculturists and gardeners would not be good for them, and would be bad for everyone else. There is nothing tedious or lengthy in the book, and the heads of the subject can be referred to at a glance. The remaining Parts, IV. to VII., will doubtless appear in due time.

RECENT VERSE.*

EVERY art admits, no doubt, of infinite degrees of excellence, and not only this, but excellence of so many different kinds that the classification of them under one name seems almost absurd. Yet in the realm of painting the scale of merit stretches from the caricatures of a Leech to the San Sisto of a Raphael; in music from the value of a Strauss to the soul-stirring symphony of a Beethoven; and in poetry from the lightest of social verses to the *Paradise Lost* of a Milton. In criticizing any work, therefore, we have first to consider to what kind it belongs, and then if it be good of that kind. Lord Houghton, in his *Stray Verses*, has not aimed at a very serious or high order of poetry, and must not be judged from that standpoint; his verses belong rather to that class of talent which may be summed up under the word "drawing-room accomplishments," and regarded in the light of album verses they possess considerable merit. They are unpretentious, graceful, and here and there have a certain tenderness of feeling without much passion, and an easy flow of verse without anything very original or striking in imagery or metre. The little poem called "Mere Waste of Time: a Troubadour's Dedication," might stand as motto and excuse for the whole volume:—

Mere waste of time! Such rhymes as these,
A careless task for hours of ease,
No lofty thought, no fancy new,
No hope to emulate the few
For whom grow green the laurel trees;
Light as the foam that flecks the seas,
Fifal as summer's sunset breeze,
As transient as morning dew,—
Mere waste of time!
Poor guilty drone before the bees!
From tones that chide, and looks that freeze,
Impenitent I turn to you,
Your clustered hair and eyes of blue,
And whisper, "Is my toil to please
Mere waste of time?"

So candid an avowal of the unimportance of his verses by the poet himself is rare indeed, and at once disarms the critic. To pick out, after this, what we consider the failures of the book seems both pedantic and unnecessary; but we cannot refrain from saying that the more serious poems seem to us the least successful, for they suggest in the mind of even an unexorbitant reader a need for some of that "lofty thought" and "fancy new" which the author does not profess to put into his verse. The "Echoes of the Season," on the other hand, which are, of course, intentionally "Light as the foam that flecks the sea," seem to require rather more sparkle and wit to carry them off. The poems which

* *Stray Verses*, 1889-1890. By Lord Houghton. London: John Murray.
Nero and Actia. By Eric Mackay. London: William Heinemann. 1891.

we consider best in the book are "Millet and Zola," amongst those of a reflective nature; and "Roses," "Down the Stream," "Your Songs," and "Four Lovers," which are more in the character of very light love songs. The poem called "Roses," we are told, is from the *Poems in Prose* of Ivan Turgénieff. It has much freshness of feeling, and considerable felicity of expression, with, moreover, a haunting charm. The "lilting cadence" of an old song recalls to one who sits alone in the winter-time three pictures from the past—courtship, marriage, and bereavement. The lines in the middle picture, which describe the joyous presence of little children, are very pretty:—

Two little golden heads close-nestled, eyes
Up-glancing brightly mischievous, a spring
Of brimming laughter welling on the brink
Of lips like flowers, small caressing hands
Tight locked, a chord of eager joyous tones
Attuned divinely: down the corridor
A fearless clash of other little hands
On quivering keys, while through the swaying dance,
That halts and breaks for all that childish care,
A restful music hisses from the urn
Roses, roses, old-time roses,
Redder to blush, and fresher to blow,
But they bloom no more in the weed-grown closes,
The roses of long ago.

The author of *Love Letters of a Violinist* would have acted more wisely for his reputation had he not departed from the sphere of lyrical poetry, in which he has achieved such deserved success. Now that poets no longer deem it necessary to include in the catalogue of their works one tragedy at least, no author need think it essential to try his hand at dramatic work, and judging from the tragedy of *Nero and Actæa*, Mr. Mackay does not seem to show much promise of future excellence in that department of literature. Isolated historical scenes do not in themselves ever constitute a work of art, and in using the material of the historian, the poet must do more than select the points in the great actions of the world suited to his purpose. He must also provide the links of a chain which history leaves with many gaps, and he must himself create into living personalities those shadowy aggregations of good and bad qualities which come down to us under the names of the great men and women of the world. No doubt in the subject chosen by Mr. Mackay there is much that lends itself to dramatic treatment. The corruptions and abuses of the Court of Nero, the growing conflict between the Latin world and the early Christians, the conspiracies and treacheries which undermined the safety of the Empire, and the character of Nero himself, in which vice and cruelty blended so strangely with a refined artistic appreciation—these are matters which might well fascinate and attract any student both of history and the drama. Nevertheless, Mr. Mackay has failed to treat these facts successfully, either from the point of view of dramatic art or merely as a poetical study of the time. The *dramatis personæ* are scarcely human beings, and the poetry belongs rather too much to the stilted conventional blank verse of the stage. "Nero" himself does and says a great many wicked and nasty things; but he is not much more like a man than the caged gorilla who grins hideously instead of laughing, and screeches when his keeper tells him to sing. Throughout five acts the Emperor plays the fool and the fiddle (or rather the lute, according to Mr. Mackay), and after killing as many men as Hans in Grimm's fairy tale killed flies, he finally is hunted to earth by the conspirators, and, like the legendary scorpion ringed with fire, destroys himself. His behaviour throughout the play reminds us a good deal of the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*; for whenever there is an awkward pause in the conversation he fills it up with the stimulating remark, "Off with their heads," or "Good gossip, strike him down," which means the same thing. The scenes are strung together with the inconsequence of an Elizabethan play, and Nero himself plays the part of the three murderers always at hand in the Shakspearian drama. He is hero, villain, and executioner in one, and generally gives the *coup de grâce* himself to the numerous victims he condemns.

In the midst of such phraseology as this:—

Ere twice the sun has ringed the dome of heaven,
and
"These news are sudden."
"Sudden or not, they'll soon o'erstep themselves,
For every hour brings forth its destiny,"

it is somewhat startling to come across the familiar expression "He'll not budge," which is the way in which one of the conspirators talks of his general's dilatoriness. There are other passages which also come dangerously near to bathos. For instance, the lines where Glaucus, the nephew of Galba, bemoans the fate of the Empress Poppæa, whom Nero has stabbed:—

Oh! but to love a Venus, and to see
Her piteous body hacked about with knives.

And, again, the song which the poet Selius sings before the Emperor, comparing his loves to those of a tiger:—

With raging breast the tiger to his mate
Leaps, fell and fierce, affamished and elate;
But more than he for fierceness of attack
Is woman's lover when, on wonder's track,
He lays her low in Love's enslavement.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES.*

MISS BUCKLAND'S work on Anthropology is a brief compendium of "The Science of Man." To tell the truth, it is to some extent scientific in spirit; but we cannot honestly say that it strikes us as being scholarly in treatment. Now anthropology has had such difficulty in casting the old husk of mere curious antiquarianism, it is so entangled in the crotchets of the half-educated, that a scholarly method is what it most requires. Miss Buckland is all of the modern time; she lays much stress on man's great antiquity; she is against a theory of degradation (though she approaches the theory of Whewell), and she holds that man began with the lowest possible material equipment, as his widely-scattered remains attest. Still, Miss Buckland admits that there have been civilizations comparatively high where now some non-European peoples are on a very depressed level. This is, no doubt, by far the most probable theory of human development. Civilizations rise and set; it is likely that even in New Zealand and other remote isles there was once a people of more culture than the Maoris and others whom European discoverers found there. But those ancient and lost civilizations must also have had their rude beginnings. The imagination cannot present the first men as gifted with a ready-made civilization; we can only see that some human breeds had a far greater capacity than others for becoming civilized. How they received or developed this gift is a question probably beyond even the scope of conjecture. Miss Buckland is inclined to believe in the introduction of the arts of civilization by "a race of sun and serpent worshippers, having strong affinities with the Chinese, Egyptians, and ancient Arcadians . . . a race which was certainly pre-Aryan," and which "carried the seeds of useful knowledge over the earth within a certain zone." Things "point unmistakably to the influence of the race." If we do not misunderstand Miss Buckland, she attributes some historical value to the American traditions of the importation of the arts by mysterious white strangers. She tells a curious anecdote of a kind of She, a white woman, probably English, who held great sway in a Kafir tribe. It is here that Miss Buckland seems to us to approach Whateley's idea about the spread of civilization from one centre. The topic is so difficult that we can hardly venture to speculate about it. The oldest civilized races which we know are Accadians and Egyptians, but as to their relations in race, as to their origins we know practically nothing. Nor can we form any definite opinion as to whether the Aztec and Inca civilizations were indigenous or imported. Again, the sun, moon, and serpent appear to be natural and almost universal objects of early religion; we cannot think that they denote any special race, or that the religions were carried about by any missionary effort. What were people to worship except these things, and ghosts, and things in general; including what we think is omnipresent in religion, a more awful and spiritual notion of Deity? Thus we rather, on the whole, incline to think that the first elements of human civilization are the natural growth of the human mind everywhere, that even agriculture and metallurgy have been separately developed in various centres, rather than that the knowledge of these things was spread abroad by a single race. However, these are matters purely speculative, for the present at least. Beneath the snows of the Arctic circle, or in oceanic slime, may rest the relics of civilizations unguessed at by scientific conjecture.

When we said that Miss Buckland's method was not very scholarly, we referred to such passages as that about the old taboo on beans (p. 98). She seems to think that beans were an article of food of some aboriginal races, and therefore denied to their civilized conquerors. She refers to Herodotus, without book or chapter, and she neglects the curious learning about beans, of which a useful scrap is given by Lobeck in the *Aglaophamus*. Now it seems to us that, if you are going to discuss the bean taboo at all, you must discuss it thoroughly and with reference to beans as the food of the dead. Again, it is most unmethodical to quote Prescott's *Peru* all in the lump, as it were, and without volume and page. Once more we read:—"The name of Osiris, too, the agricultural god of Egypt, whose emblem is the serpent, is derived, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, from Oshir, which signified gold." Among the many etymological guesses at the original meaning of Osiris we do not remember this one; and who is responsible for it in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*? There is an account of the etymologies in Lefebure's *Osiris* (pp. 132, 133), which ought, we think, to have been mentioned. Miss Buckland has a notion, supported by one odd and one apocryphal-looking anecdote, that serpents hoard gold and gems like Fafnir, and that they were worshipped in connexion with the metals for this reason. Among the principal works consulted by her we do not find Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, which would have been useful to her when dealing with early agriculture; nor Mannhardt's books, which really seem indispensable; nor Maspero, nor Mariette; though she includes Rawlinson's *Herodotus* and the Rev. H. R. Haweis's *Music and Morals*. To use Wilkinson, and to neglect Maspero, Lefebure, Brugsch, Revillont, De Rongé, Chabas, and others, for Egyptian lore, is to be out of date. If we wished to illustrate myths of Cadmus and Demeter, we should greatly prefer Rosscher, and other late authorities, to

* *Anthropological Studies*. By A. W. Buckland. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

Smith's *Classical Dictionary*. Again, if one wanted to quote the adventures of Alexander the Great with serpents, surely one would go to the original sources, not to Owen's *History of Serpents*. One might as well turn to Pennant for information about bears. "Pennant tells us concerning bears," Dr. Johnson was heard to murmur once; but what Pennant tells us the Doctor did not say. For Hindoo mythology Miss Buckland cites Maurice's *History of Hindustan*; why not the only authentic sources? When Miss Buckland says (p. 169, note 2) that "it seems natural that the son should assume the father's totem," we must remind her that the totem usually goes by maternal descent. But her whole argument here about Seb, the Egyptian "great cackler," escapes our comprehension. On the whole, Miss Buckland's book is more likely to interest the beginner in anthropology than to serve the purposes of the student. Her knowledge is either inadequate or is so presented as to suggest inadequacy, while her method of quoting is extremely slipshod. Nobody can verify her references. A much more rigid and accurate system is indispensable in Anthropology, as, indeed, in all serious studies. Miss Buckland's method is extremely old-fashioned, and the fashion was never a good one, nor in good repute.

CHESS LITERATURE.*

AS some of the best chess-players of the present day are ready to imbrue over the merits or demerits of a third or fourth move, and as set matches between great masters are being fought to decide whether a particular sixth or seventh move ought to win or lose a game, it would evidently be premature to stereotype the laws and regulations of the openings. In fact, if it were possible to stereotype anything whatever in the practice of the game, or to deprive a player of his preference or individual opinion at any point, chess would lose half its fascination. Expert evidence will always be obtainable on both sides of every disputed question; and in the majority of non-critical positions it is quite possible for two skilful players to support opposite views, over the board or on paper, with entire sincerity and plausibility. There is room for varying fashions amongst the chess-openings in the course of a generation; and the statistics of tournaments and match-play over twenty or thirty years would show a curious alternation of favour between the Giuoco Piano, the Ruy Lopez, the Evans, King's Knight's, and other openings, each in turn securing and losing the support of the strongest players. Under these circumstances, it is not too much to say that every ten years, if not oftener, the world is ready for a new volume such as that which Mr. Gossip printed in 1879, and which he has now re-issued much enlarged and improved, "with all the latest theoretical discoveries up to date." Most English writers on the openings, who have gone into the subject with any degree of thoroughness, have been indebted to the laborious German *Handbuch*. Staunton had not the opportunity of consulting it, and in his *Laws and Practice of Chess* he was in great measure a pioneer. Wormald availed himself of the work of his predecessors to a certain limited extent; but no one, we imagine, has been more scrupulous than Mr. Gossip in quoting and collating all the recognized authorities of the past two generations. He seems to have compared the *Handbuch*, Staunton, Wormald, Cook, the *Schachzeitung*, the *Nuova Rivista*, Steinitz's *Instructor*, and the analyses of later English writers as preserved in the various magazines. He has not been afraid to decide where the doctors disagree; but when he does this it is not without discrimination.

Mr. Gossip has one quality in common with many of his friends and foes in the noble science of chess. He considers it necessary to take steps on his own behalf for the establishment of his reputation; and thus a volume professing to deal with the theory of the openings, and nothing else, has for its preliminary chapter a kind of affidavit on the merits of a game played by the author in the New York Tournament of 1889. A prize had been offered in this tournament for the most brilliant game, and it was awarded to Gunsberg for his victory over Mason. The award, says Mr. Gossip, was "contrary to expectation," for "a host of competent critics" considered that his own game against Showalter, in which he sacrificed a piece, announced a mate in seven, and obtained it by sacrificing his queen, was the more brilliant of the two. We are rather inclined to agree with these critics, but it is a matter of taste; and no doubt the unfortunate judges were selected on the ground of their impartiality, amongst other qualifications. Mr. Gossip's tabulated analyses are very full, and they seem to be characterized by accuracy and insight. Each opening is adequately illustrated in its more important variations, and in some cases a striking game is reproduced from actual play. The author is very angry with Mr. Ruskin for having said on one occasion that he had serious thoughts of publishing a selection of famous old games by chess-players of "real genius and imagination, as opposed to the stupidity called chess-playing in modern days." In order to refute this absurd notion, as well as to "present to the public some of his own best games" (we are quoting Mr. Gossip's words) "the author has ventured to include . . . a few brilliancies of his

own." It must be admitted that some of the "favourite old games" have been reprinted often enough, and that many a reader will be grateful for comparatively fresh samples of the modern school. Mr. Gossip complains of "incessant opposition, disparagement, and non-recognition"; but it does not seem likely that his merits as a chess-player will be hidden from the public gaze.

Mr. Mortimer's small and compact *Manual of the Openings* contains quite as much information as the average amateur is ever likely to want. It is very convenient in size and arrangement; it will easily slip into the pocket, and it carries each variation of each of the openings to the tenth move, without note or comment. An appendix prolongs the chief variations, for the sake of such as wish to pursue them at greater length. Mr. Mortimer thus avoids the charge of treating all the openings as though they were equally interesting for the same number of moves, without breaking his uniform arrangement of ten moves to every line of the text. This uniformity is an aid to the memory, for which all players alike will naturally feel grateful, and the fact that *The Chess-player's Pocket-Book* has reached a seventh edition proves that its method is appreciated.

The literature of chess includes a compartment which, in the strictest sense, does not belong to chess at all, and which a purist would probably condemn as an indication of mental deterioration, if not of moral depravity. It is largely occupied with the board itself, the moves of individual pieces, and the notation of games, apart from actual play. The "knight's tour" is an instance of the kind of problem which suggests itself to ingenious speculators on the mere external aspects of the game. Another instance is before us as we write, in the shape of a learned inquiry "On the different possible non-linear arrangements of eight men on a Chess-board." We call the inquiry "learned" because it was conducted by Mr. T. B. Sprague, M.A., of Edinburgh, who communicated the result to the Mathematical Society of that city. Mr. Sprague was challenged to place eight men in such a way that no two of them should be in the same column, row, or diagonal line; and having done this once as a matter of experiment, he set himself to find in how many different ways it could be done, and what law, if any, governed the arrangements. Though he failed in his quest of law, Mr. Sprague satisfied himself that there are twelve, and only twelve, solutions of the puzzle proposed to him; and he has gone into the matter with a vast amount of elaborate calculation, aided by manifold figures and symbols. This paper is a mathematician's *tour de force*, and has only a collateral interest for the chess-player.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER.*

WE are afraid that Mr. Carlyle would have considered this year's *Annual Register* an even sadder sight than the starry heavens. It is absolutely stuffed full of speeches, mostly of what he would have called idle chatter. In the English, which is much the larger half of the book, there is hardly anything else. We do not note this as being in any way the fault of the editor of *The Annual Register*. If he had cut the speeches, he would also have cut down his volume. Still there is no denying that the amount of talking here recorded is enormous. Speeches in Parliament and out of it, speeches at public meetings and after dinner, fill page after page. Some of this oratory is certainly amusing enough, and one is glad to be reminded of the smart little passage in which Mr. Balfour asked his hearers to conceive if they could of Sir W. V. Harcourt in the part of Polyphemus making love to the House of Commons. Such streaks of colour are rare in the dreary stuff. But, though the speeches of which our history is now mainly composed were necessarily noticed at length, we think it can hardly have been necessary for *The Annual Register* to quote so much as it does from newspapers all over the country. Whole pages are given to précis of leading articles which are really not nutritious. We do not ask *The Annual Register* to be a party publication, but it may still record events from a point of view and with opinions of its own. As a record of events it is full, and gives its dates in abundance. The only event of the year on which one's mind dwells with much satisfaction is the immortal battle in Committee Room 15, which *The Register* records at fair length and with some spirit. It would, indeed, be hard to make that story dull. In the chapters devoted to foreign affairs we occasionally find passages which strike us as indicating rather that *The Register* feels that something should be said than that it clearly knows what there is to say. The Chronicle, the Obituary, and the record of books are useful, and appear, as far as we have been able to test them, to be accurate.

LITERATURE OF BELGIUM AND THE NETHERLANDS.

SINCE our last article on Belgian and Dutch literature various works in the domain of *belles-lettres* have appeared in the two countries, but none of a really superior order.

A Belgian Committee charged with the duty of examining sections of literary works issued during the last ten years have

* *Theory of the Chess Openings*. By G. H. D. Gossip. London: Allen & Co. 1891.

The Chess-player's Pocket-Book and Manual of the Openings. Edited by James Mortimer. Seventh edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

* *The Annual Register: a Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the Year 1890*. New Series. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

awarded a sum of 5,000 francs as "prix d'honneur" to the author of a collection of poetry published under the pseudonym of "Hilda Ram," Antwerp (1). This volume certainly contains pages of well-written verse, and is distinguished by great elevation of sentiment and style, with refinement of taste and piety; but amongst the contents there is absolutely nothing which could be classed as a *chef-d'œuvre*.

It is principally in the domain of history that some Belgian authors have recently distinguished themselves, chiefly in their own national history. Some amongst them demand our especial attention. We will commence with M. Nève's last work.

M. Félix Nève (2), ex-professor of the Louvain University, has republished in one large volume various articles which appeared about fifteen years ago in the annuary of the University; they treat of the *savants* and academical Latin studies at Louvain in the sixteenth century. The work has been thoroughly revised, and is enriched by details of recent researches respecting some personages hitherto but little known to us, and of whom, as yet, no monograph exists. Erasmus occupies the first place in the group, then Jerome Hieronymus Busleiden, born at Bauschleiden, in the Duchy of Luxembourg, a Latin author famed for his vast erudition and his princely fortune, which he dispensed both royally and wisely. He was canon of four cathedrals, chief councillor at Malines, and Ambassador to various Courts—that of the Pope, of France, and of England. As a savant his memory is perpetuated by the foundation of the "Collège des Trois Langues" (Latin, Greek, and Hebrew), which took place a short time after his death, in 1517, according to the terms of his will.

M. Nève treats subsequently of Dorp or Dorpius, professor at Louvain, of Barlandus, Borsalus, &c., and several other learned humanists, amongst whom we remark especially Nicolas Cleynaerts, who preached a scientific and religious crusade in favour of the Arab language, the knowledge of which he advocated as the means of promoting a sort of propaganda against Mahometanism.

We find one chapter devoted to studies on sacred philology, as represented by Guy Le Fèvre de la Boderie (Orientalist and collaborator of the royal Bible) and three of his colleagues. De la Boderie contributed very greatly towards the advancement of Syriac studies, and enjoyed the royal protection of Philippe II. In M. Nève's splendid work we find also biographical notices of personages of the seventeenth century, of the historians Gramaye and Valerius Andreas, author of a history of the University (*Fasti academici*), and of the archaeologist Castellanus, doctor of medicine, professor of Greek at the Collège des Trois Langues, and finally professor of the *Institutes*. He was not only a physician and archaeologist, but, on the death of the Archduke Albert, showed himself to be a most brilliant and eloquent Latin orator. But of all these learned men Erasmus and his friend Sir Thomas More will most interest Englishmen.

More possessed no less than Erasmus a vein of sarcastic humour, and it is said that it was he himself who urged the publication of the *Encomium Morie* of Erasmus. Like Erasmus, More spent several years in Louvain in the midst of its learned coteries, and Erasmus was Professor at Oxford. In 1856 M. Nève published three articles in the review *La Belgique* on the celebrated English Chancellor, based on More's own works (Bâle, 1563; Louvain, 1569; also on a collection of English works printed in London in 1557). More's relations with Belgium had been somewhat forgotten; the re-issue of his *Life* by Stapleton (Douai, 1888) called public attention to his career and to his intimacy with Erasmus and Belgian savants. It concludes with a brief sketch of the celebrated *Utopia*, and its first publication in Louvain. Throughout the work is shown the friendship of Erasmus for More, and the respect entertained by the Chancellor for the great Dutch savant, who had sufficient independency of character to refuse a bishopric. It is said that More discerning for the first time the genius of his interlocutor, exclaimed, "You are either the devil or Erasmus." This phrase was, it appears, proverbial at that period. The same episode is said to have happened to the Dutch poet Vondel, on his first appearance in the Jesuit College, Antwerp. Erasmus was well known in England, having lectured at Oxford and Cambridge. More's interest in him never flagged, and he congratulated him upon having separated the "cause of letters from that of the Reformation" (p. 129). Erasmus has sketched us both the public and private life of More—his demeanour at Henry VIII's court and in the discharge of his official dignity. At every period of his life he showed most solid piety. More's first visit to Belgium was probably in 1508, and he remained several months. He went to Bruges in 1514, also to Malines, Antwerp, &c., and was generally accompanied by the worthy prelate Cuthbert Tunstall during his embassades in Flanders. He availed himself of these occasions to collect many antiquities. More was intimately connected with Dorpius, also with the philologists Paludanus and Egidius. He probably met Jean Louis Vivès (139) and encouraged his oratorical studies. On his return to England he gave to the world his ideas of the justice, mercy, and charity which should form the basis of all Governments; in his long fiction of the new State and island of Utopia M. Nève gives a sketch of this celebrated work which we

need not touch upon. The book concludes by details of the life of More, which are more or less known. We must add that in his studies on Erasmus and More M. Nève has, in a measure, rehabilitated the character of the former *vis-à-vis* to the somewhat unduly prejudiced appreciation of modern authors who consider the great savant as a cynic and satirist. It cannot be denied that this opinion is irrefutable, but it is equally certain that Erasmus never betrayed his faith as a Christian, and never accepted the spirit of the "Renaissance" as received by the "Academia Antiquaria" of Pomponius Lætus, which was abolished by Paul II. and re-established by Sixtus IV.

We mention a work of M. Ch. Piot, archivist-general of the kingdom, to whose great talents we have previously directed the reader's attention. Since our last article M. Piot has published an Inventory of the Charters of the Counts of Namur, which forms a large volume in folio of 520 pages (3). In the preface the author gives interesting details of the history of the MSS. of Namur, their partial destruction, the offices for their custody, their migrations, &c. The most ancient document is said to date as far back as 1092, but is only an unauthenticated copy of the fourteenth century. The original series of stamped authentic documents we possess relative to the Counts of Namur commences in 1205; all anterior papers have most probably been destroyed. The most important acts have been published here *in extenso*; they date to the year 1619, with an appendix of various documents up to 1661. A first-rate alphabetical index facilitates the study of these historical souvenirs of the Counts of Namur, and the Belgian Government shares alike with the editor the honour of having issued such a first-class work.

The same indefatigable writer has just published the seventh volume of the "Correspondence of Granvalle," already alluded to by us. It is a book of 669 pages, and includes the period from 1580 to 1581, containing 227 letters, inclusive of those in the supplement. There are many documents respecting the steps taken by Granvalle to induce Marguerite of Parma to resume the government of the Netherlands after the death of Alexander of Parma, and most ample details are given of this matter, which had been kept a profound secret. We again see that it was by Granvalle's instigation principally that a price was put on the head of William of Orange, a fact previously demonstrated in the sixth volume of the Correspondence. It appears that Marguerite of Parma congratulated the Cardinal on his project and looked for important results from the assassination. But Granvalle was greatly deceived in imagining that William's credit was on the decline, for at that period the Prince was well supported both by France and England. Concerning the projected marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, the intricacies of which are known by the works of MM. Kervyn de Lettenhove, Alberdingk Thym, Piot, and others, Morillon wrote to the Cardinal, "They say the Duke of Anjou is in London, and that he is to wed the lady declared by the Queen of England as her heir. Anjou is a poor young man, incapable of governing alone" (p. 491). King Philip II's Ambassador in Paris, Juan de Vargas, wrote to the King saying that the projected marriage was a plot, the real object of which was to sever Flanders from Spain by the help of England (p. 490). The sovereignty of the revolted provinces had already been offered to Anjou (p. 530). Diego Maldonado informed Philip that Elizabeth, being jealous of the power of Spain after the conquest of Portugal, feared the King's ambitious projects, and sought "a man who would execute her own plans." This volume contains also some quite fresh details on the relations and treaties between Burgundy and Switzerland. These matters came at different times under the Cardinal's eye, because he considered the latter country as the surest guarantee for the peace of Burgundy. We could easily name an infinite number of details of this nature, each more surprising than the other, but must content ourselves by merely stating that this seventh volume contains, like its six predecessors, an excellent index, the only fault of which is that it is not more ample, and that more explicit details do not in the generality of cases follow the names—for instance, to "Marguerite of Parma" they might have added with advantage "Marguerite in Burgundy," see p. 269; in Milan, p. 275, &c.

To these volumes of general interest we must add a work of the late Canon van Weddingen, which is, however, of more restricted interest, treating of the pilgrimage of Our Lady of Montaigu. The "Archduke" Albert and his wife Isabella honoured Montaigu by their visits in the seventeenth century (4). M. van Weddingen's book revives the ancient glory of Belgium.

Serial publications are not numerous here, but M. Rooses, the custodian of the Plantin Museum, continues his studies on the works of Rubens, and the poet Pol de Mont publishes occasionally a collection of verses, while here and there appear some half-historical novels on popular and national themes by M. Snieders, well known for years past as a Flemish novelist (5).

In the commencement of 1890 the Flemish tales of the Misses

(3) *Inventaire des archives de la Belgique*. Publiés par ordre du Gouvernement sous la direction de Ch. Piot, archiviste général du royaume. Bruxelles: Hayez.

(4) *Notre-Dame de Montaigu*. Par A. van Weddingen. Edition illustrée. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

(5) *Onze boeren* (1798). Door Dr. A. Snieders. Antwerpen: Van Ode Wolf.

(1) *Gedichten*. Door Hilda Ram (Mathilde Ramboux). Gent: Sijfer.

(2) *La renaissance des lettres et l'essor de l'érudition ancienne en Belgique*. Par F. Nève, professeur émérite de l'université de Louvain. Louvain: Ch. Peeters. Paris: Leroux.

Loveling, more than once named in our pages, were reissued (6). The style of writing is rare in Belgium, for there *le beau monde féminin* continues to despise both ancient and modern Flemish literature. This scorn, it is true, is based on ignorance; but the prejudice will not disappear until the present generation has passed away and schools are reorganized in a manner more in harmony with the Flemish character.

M. Segher Jansone (7) gives us a pleasing historical sketch of the fourteenth century in his new book. We notice that four or five centuries ago the Flemish enjoyed greater political and literary freedom than in our days of so-called emancipation and liberty. This fact is incontestable, and is elucidated very clearly in the work in question.

Mlle. Virginie Loveling has published some charming pages, which may serve as a guide to those wishing to visit Italy (8). The work is illustrated.

While the above author went to Italy another visited Russia, and gives us details of the journey, with this difference; one sees the man of science in the pages of this novelist. We speak of M. F. W. van Westerouen van Meeteren (9).

A third traveller entertains us with the beauties of Atjeh and of Guinea (10). This last book is of great use to all those whose destiny calls them to the other continent. The author describes Oriental manners and customs very graphically. His book is completed by the sketches of M. H. Flaes (11) on the same subject, and also on life in Java.

We must pass for a moment to more northern literature. As in other European countries the taste for new novels and tales augments, so to say, almost daily. It is not only necessary for the work to be fresh, but it must be handsomely got up with splendid binding and illustrations to be really acceptable. We are far from the period when Sir Walter Scott was considered the perfect type of a romancer, offering at the same time amusement and instruction, when his books were read by young and old, and given with but few exceptions by parents to their children—when, in short, to be ranked in some measure like Scott was the highest distinction that could be awarded to a Dutch novelist. To-day all is changed, and Zola's style dominates both writers and readers. We see this tendency not only in France but in the Netherlands, and many young authors have caught the craze, which can be seen by their review *Nieuwe Gids*, as it has left the path of old traditions and gives its readers the very often crude efforts of an exuberant, lawless, and ungoverned fancy, with no pretence whatever of offering any wholesome or useful reading to the public. But there are, happily, in the Netherlands certain exceptions to the all-prevailing fashion, and from time to time we welcome one or another book of the older school side by side with a mass of novels translated from the German, Spanish, Danish, &c., which translations we shall not touch upon here. Amongst others we note *Victor*, by M. G. L. van Loghem (pseudonym Fiore della Neve), as above the average, and though at times somewhat monotonous, it is easily to be recognized as the work of an artistic genius (12).

Far more interesting than *Victor* are the tales by the same author, published under the title of *Blond en Blauw* (13). The development of the plot is well carried out. Good taste and refinement predominate, and while there is something tender and pathetic in the style there is no straining after effect and trite banalities are avoided—in short, the tales merit an English translation.

Amongst the recent historical novels of the Netherlands we note "The Conspirators" (14), by H. C. van Calcar, written from a firm Protestant—nay, Puritan—point of view; but such tendencies are appreciated by but few people in Holland, and the historical facts treated of by Calcar are of too recent date to permit of development in a novel, and at the same time they are too old to excite much interest—for example, Italian unity. But Calcar's pietism shows a certain pleasant naïveté, and his style is picturesque and eloquent; hence his pages are not without charm.

Mlle. van Rees (15) is favourably known in literary circles by a biography of Chopin, and also by some semi-historical novels. Her style is refined and cultivated; the chief fault to be observed is that she loses herself somewhat in too romantic and desultory descriptions; but her pages have a moral and healthful tendency; and we can thus excuse her small affectations. It is but natural that several authors should have chosen recently the period of the French Revolution of 1789 as data for their writings, for the vivid realities of this

epoch always excite and attract public interest. But it is long since we have been offered any variety in the treatment of this subject. M. Wunderlich adheres to the old style in his *brochure* (16), and most carefully avoids awakening terror amongst his readers by a too vivid description of the horrors of that disastrous period. A lady author, however, has not hesitated to draw from authentic sources and contemporary publications the materials for her recital (17). She has also availed herself of the memoirs of several ladies of the Court of Louis XVI. and of the letters of the Count de Mercy et de Maria Theresia, which enhances the historical charm of her books. We must note also M. Krämer's semi-historical study, which will certainly interest the English reader (18). The lax state of society at the Courts of Charles II. and James II. is well described, while the heroine of the tale stands forth from this dark background of vice all lustrous in purity; but the link between her and the political intrigues of the day is but faintly perceptible. We are, however, promised a more exhaustive study of the author's chief personage.

As artist, historian, and dramatist the poet Schimmel unquestionably merits our attention. He treats of the same period as his young adept M. Krämer, and has been well known for years as a poet (19), though his style is somewhat heavy and finds but little favour amongst present readers. His dramas show a profound knowledge of the human heart and a deep sense of the dignity of the dramatic art (see his "Struensee," "The Two Tudors," "Gondebald," "Joan Wouters," &c.). His recent productions are amongst the most noteworthy of our days. His last work shows an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs in England under William III.; but there is, we think, too much prosy explanation, though on the whole he portrays nature in an admirable manner. His historical characters give proof of careful study and research; but in point of merit his hero is hardly in keeping with the rest, as his character is but weak and contrasts most unfavourably with those of the other well-drawn personages.

In M. Krul's (20) study on ancient Dutch doctors we notice a mass of curious and interesting things to be found nowhere else; they are the result of a careful study of the archives.

We have yet several novels to notice. For example, in "The Family Hendriks" (21), which is not of quite recent date, we find portrayed an honest merchant who meets with serious money losses, a fraudulent bankruptcy, an ambitious mother, a licentious lover who leads a young lady astray, a girl who gives her hand to an artist accused of murder, but who is quickly exonerated and finishes up as a good husband and father, the bankrupt in prison, the mother who drowns herself, a daughter who becomes crazy. All these are very old themes, but we find them here served up to us in an attractive manner. The descriptions are, however, at times too tedious.

Amongst our Dutch novelists we must name Mlle. Marie Gijzen, who shows a promising talent (22). She is but a *débütante*, but begins well, as she writes naturally and with the simple desire of producing an artistic whole without straining after the sensational, while the veiled poetry found here and there in her lines makes one forget the faults of style and composition. "The three Graces" are three young girls quite differently educated, who choose very different careers. The plot is not very striking.

Mlle. Gijzen's rival, Mme. van Wermeskerken-Junius (Johanna van Woude), is no less to be commended in her story of rural life (23), in which we follow the fortunes of a young couple who marry without possessing a penny. We find a vivid picture of everyday life in a Dutch interior, and the joys and sorrows of hero and heroine are delineated in a charmingly sympathetic manner.

We meet with true artistic talent in the author of *Eline Vere* (24), who cares but little to satisfy the universal craving after the sensational and the ever-renewed feverish desire for something new. *Eline Vere* is a three-volume novel, to which the calm, decorous public of Holland is no longer accustomed. It paints life at the Hague, and is, on the whole, so interesting as to merit an English translation. The author describes the real or imaginary loves of an actress who retains to the end of her days all the little affectations used in the exercise and personification of her various rôles; she acts always, and the world is her theatre. The novel is very readable and entertaining, and is written in a delicate, manly style.

Marcellus Ermants is one of our young authors whom nothing escapes. He has lately published a novel treating of country life (25), in which he explains his own political ideas, and also

(6) *Nieuwe novellen van Rosalie en Virginie Loveling*. Tweede druk, met platen van F. van Cuyck. Gent: A. Hoste.

(7) *Historisch taferel uit de eerste helft der veertiende eeuw*. Door Segher Jansone. Antwerpen: L. Janssens.

(8) *Een winter in het Zuiderland*. Door Virginie Loveling. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen.

(9) *Eene winterreis in Rusland*. Door F. W. van Westerouen van Meeteren. Amsterdam: H. Gerlings.

(10) *Van Atjeh's Stranden tot de koraalroten van Nieuw Guinea*. Door C. J. Leendertz. With 5 engravings. Arnhem: K. van der Zande.

(11) *Schets uit het Javaansche Volksleven*. Door H. Flaes. Amsterdam: Kirberger en Kasper.

(12) *Victor*. Door G. L. van Loghem. Amsterdam: J. L. Beyers; W. F. Dannenfelser.

(13) *Blond en Blauw*. Amsterdam: T. J. van Holkema.

(14) *De Eedgenooten. Historische roman uit de 16^e eeuw*. Door H. C. van Calcar. 2 dln. 's Gravenhage: H. C. van Calcar.

(15) *Eene koningin zonder kroon. Historisch romantisch verhaal*. Door Catherina F. van Rees. Amsterdam: A. van Klaveren.

(16) *De fransche revolutie*. Door W. F. Wunderlich. Zutphen: W. F. Thieme & Co.

(17) *De fransche Hofpers van 1789*. Door H. van Loo. Beverwijk: D. S. Stotboom.

(18) *Maria II., gemalin van Willem III. Historisch biographische schets*. Door F. J. L. Krämer. Utrecht: J. L. Beyers.

(19) *De kaptein van de lijfgarde*. Door H. J. Schimmel. 3 dln. Schiedam: H. M. Roelants.

(20) *Haagsche doctoren, chirurgen en apothekers in denouden tijd: Archiefstudien*. Door H. Krul. 's Gravenhage: W. P. van Stockum.

(21) *De familie Hendriks. Oorspronkelijke roman*. Door Dr. Gerard Slothouwer. Amsterdam: L. J. Veen.

(22) *Dre Gratien*. Door Marie Gijzen. Schiedam: H. A. M. Roelants.

(23) *Een hollandsch binnenhuisje*. Door Mevr. van Wermeskerken-Junius (Johanna van Woude). Amsterdam: J. C. Loman.

(24) *Eline Vere. Een Haagsche roman*. Door Louis Couperus. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen en Zoon.

(25) *Juffrouw Lina. Een portret*. Door Marcellus Ermants. 's Gravenhage: Cremer & Co.

the way to make cheese. But these two subjects do not, we confess, make an harmonious whole. We can get up no enthusiasm for the heroine; and, although we cannot deny that the author's style is good, we can but conclude that he himself had no particular attraction for his theme. Hence no sympathetic chord touches his readers.

M. Perk, the author of a book on Hroswitha (26), has just published a collection of old tales and stories, with explanatory sketch of our nursery ballads and popular legends. This book will interest all those versed in folklore.

We have yet to note a book of a Belgian lady, Mlle. ter Reehorst (27); novels of M. Omer Watzet (28), and another work, somewhat more serious, "Tales" (29), by M. Lamberts.

But it is not necessary to speak longer of these and such like second-rate novels while we have yet to mention books of a higher calibre, as the first-rate novels of M. Chappuis (30) and W. J. ten Hoet (31), a detailed notice of which we must leave for later and pass now to the excellent lady poet Helena Swarth (32)—an artist, indeed, but, alas! not above reproach, for she loses herself too much in her reveries over past loves. It would be indiscreet to ask her age, but on re-perusing her poetry we mark several olympiads. From her fresh vigour, however, we are tempted to believe that she does not get older. She is always charming in her reveries, but sometimes her diction is too vague. The title of her last collection of poetry is a key to her character and writings, "Violets," as emblems of mourning—their modest charm, their hue, their fragrance. In short, a key-note of sadness prevails. We wish that she would for once give us a collection of nettles—or thorns; we would with pleasure run the risk of pricking our fingers with them. If Socialism, sketched by a lady, is preferred to Mlle. Swarth's poetical dreams, turn to Mlle. Mercier (33), one of the contributors to the weekly Socialistic paper the *Socialistisch Weekblad*. She aspires towards the emancipation of women, and considers that an intelligent woman cannot be happy in the mere accomplishment of her domestic duties and care of her children's education. She fancies herself destined to open a new era for women in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. She hears footsteps. Reason, an old man, tells her they are those of the hundred millions of women she seeks to emancipate. Her various articles are now republished in one volume under the title of "United Links."

HISTORIC TOWNS—BOSTON.*

A READER who did not already know better might well be led by Mr. Cabot Lodge's *Boston* to a very mistaken impression. He might, quite pardonably, put it down with the conviction that there is not enough in the history of the city to supply material for a moderate-sized book. Certainly Mr. Cabot Lodge himself would have no right to complain if this mistake were made by any of his readers, for he has not succeeded in, so to speak, extricating Boston from the general history of New England. Neither, to be frank, would he have any valid ground for complaint if a reader who did not already know something about him were to make a certain mistake about Mr. Cabot Lodge—to wit, the mistake of supposing that his knowledge of the subject is superficial, and that he has, therefore, made a copious use of those convenient general expressions which save a writer from being brought to book. This reader would be unjust to Boston, or to Mr. Cabot Lodge, but there would be excuses for his error. Mr. Cabot Lodge has fallen into one of the two heresies which beset the author of a town history. He has avoided that exclusive attention to the parish pump, which is the heresy on the one hand, but he has fallen into the heresy on the other, which is talk at large about the history of the country. His book is, in fact, a retelling of the twenty-times-told tale of New England, with rather more than the usual mention of Boston.

If, then, the reviewer of this book talks also too much about other things than Boston, and is blamed for it, let it be remembered that it is Mr. Cabot Lodge who has caused his brother to sin. There is an alternative to be sure. The reviewer may apply himself to pointing out all the things which ought to be in Mr. Cabot Lodge's book, but are wanting. This one must do, but it is ungracious to do nothing else. To linger for a moment, then, by the things which Mr. Cabot Lodge does say. He begins with a "comparison of ancient and modern cities and races of men," which really remind one of those platitudes about virtue, &c. with which the old-fashioned biographer was wont to work himself into his subject. It is true, as he remarks, that age is relative, and that if Boston

is not as old as London, neither is London as old as Bubastis. This is true, but not, we think, necessary to be said. The impression made on us by this observation is that Mr. Cabot Lodge is secretly rather sore about the youth of his city—which is surely a needless self-torment. It was most proper that he should say a great deal about the Puritans; but it was his cue to keep to those of them who came to Boston, and the things they did there. It is rather amusing to note that he, like so many of his countrymen, makes the most of the gentle birth of the Puritan leaders of the stamp of Winthrop, even noting that one of them was married to a daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, though he had been condescending loftily to "aristocracy" in the true cultured Bostonian way a page or two before. Mr. Cabot Lodge talks about the Puritans at large, with excursus into English history which are not always happy. For instance, he has a good deal to say about the great Puritan emigration under Winthrop, and he goes out of his way to say that, "with Strafford at the head of the army," there was "little hope in the Old World for the liberty-loving and religious men who made up the bulk of the Puritan party." Now, when Winthrop left England in 1630, Strafford was not yet Strafford at all, and was in command of no army, but only President of the North. He did not become Lord-Deputy till 1632, and then what army he had was a handful of soldiers in Ireland. This is, it may be, a mere slip; but it is the kind of error which no man who knew the history of the time thoroughly would make. It is, besides, characteristic of much loose talk in Mr. Cabot Lodge. A very few pages further on he has to acknowledge that these liberty-loving Puritans were dreadfully peremptory with Mrs. Hutchinson, with Roger Williams, with the Baptists, and with the Quakers. He then expressly defends them on the ground that they did not come to America to secure liberty to worship, but to set up a State according to their own ideal, to which religious dissensions would have been fatal. This is true; but Mr. Cabot Lodge does not seem to see that it is at least an equally valid excuse for Strafford and for Laud. About the Quakers, and the frantic conduct of the first generation of them, he makes some sensible remarks; but he does not say what individual Quaker or Quakeress came to Boston, what he or she did, and what was there done to him or her. Yet it was this, and not the general history of the Quakers, which was his text. He might as well have treated witchcraft at large. The witch mania, by the way, he rather skips. This preference for the general—and, to be outspoken, rather hazy or spongy—over the particular and local besets Mr. Cabot Lodge to the end of his book. He says, for instance, on page 182, that it is not necessary to go into the shooting of Austin by Selfridge in 1804, as it is familiar to all who know the history of Boston. We thought these books were meant for people who are not familiar with the histories of the towns about which they are written. Surely Mr. Cabot Lodge would have done better to give an account of the murder of Austin and the trial of Selfridge, in place of the paragraphs he does expend on the doings of the Federalist party, which belong to the general history of the United States.

The disproportionate space which Mr. Cabot Lodge gives to religious or political matters, of national rather than local interest, has compelled him to sacrifice one whole subject which was entitled to a great share of his consideration. We mean the shipping and trade of the port. No doubt, Mr. Cabot Lodge reminds us, that they were, and that they were very important; but he does it in a general way, without precision, without the detail which marks the outline and makes the story live. It is really no use to any mortal to be merely told that the capture of Kidd and the partial suppression of piracy were due to Lord Bellomont. One wants the story, which is worth telling in itself, and illustrates the whole sea-life and trade of Boston at the time. Mr. Cabot Lodge knows it, of course; then why not tell it? One becomes exasperated when one is merely told that the shipping was great, and that one individual Bostonian was supposed to be the largest owner of ships in the world. We want an account of the rise of the shipping, of the piracy of the seventeenth century, and the struggle with the Navigation Laws in the eighteenth, of Boston's share in the whaling and slave trade, and in the development of the famous Yankee clipper. Of the slave trade Mr. Cabot Lodge says nothing, though he does speak of "the old Puritan spirit" and anti-slavery movement. He speaks at large of the "unsleeping jealousy of England" and her unfair capture of Bostonian ships; but he gives not a single example. As a final example of his neglect of local history in a book which should, above all things, be local, we may mention that he entirely forgets to record the facts that the *Chesapeake* sailed from Boston, and that her not obscure action with the *Shannon* took place in sight of the town.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AMONG the numerous unjust hits which Macaulay made at Croker (partly, as most people know now, because Croker had been sometimes too hard for him both in the House and out of it), one of the justest and most telling was the disdainful allusion in the "Madame d'Arblay" to "a bad writer who ransacked a parish register that he might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age." It is true that Macaulay was himself by no means incapable of what he calls "this truly chivalrous exploit"; but the hit was none the less a palpable one. It appealed to a

(26) *Vit vroegere eeuwen in Oost en West*. Door M. A. Perk. Aarlander-veen: W. Cambier van Nooten.

(27) *Een paard gelijk*. Door C. C. ter Reehorst. Dordrecht: Revers.

(28) *Een bundel novellen*. Door Omer Watzet. Amsterdam: Vernooy.

(29) *Limburgsche novellen*. Door L. H. J. Lamberts Hurrelbrinck. Leiden: Brill.

(30) *Vrouwenhart*. Door M. Chappuis. Sneek: J. T. van Druten.

(31) *Karel XII*. Door W. J. ten Hoet. Edam: J. M. Roldanus Cz.

(32) *Rouwviolen*. Door Helena Swarth. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen.

(33) *Verbonden schakels*. Door Helene Mercier. Haarlem: H. D. Tjeenk Willink.

* *Historic Towns—Boston*. By H. C. Lodge, Author of "Life of Alexander Hamilton" &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

sound and far from wholly foolish sentiment of human nature, and it warned all wise as well as chivalrous critics off a dangerous path. We should think that M. Edmond Biré's former volume on Victor Hugo (1) must have made some readers think of it; his present continuation (which goes down to the *Coup d'état*) certainly has. It is not that M. Biré has not great merits, or that Victor Hugo had not great faults. Long before M. Biré set to work to heap up the proofs of them, these faults were perfectly well known to every one who had qualified himself to give an opinion on the subject. All the defects which observation or ill-nature has attributed to poets, great and small together, with many from which they are supposed to be usually free, were to be found in this poet, who was great among the greatest. His vanity reached from one point of view the infinitely great, and from another the infinitely little. His revengefulness was as great as his ingratitude; and his avarice as great as his genius. He exploited his publishers very much as publishers are by some supposed to exploit other authors, and with an even more sublime absence of remorse or concealment. He puffed himself as unblushingly and as methodically as a quack dentist. The cowardly puerility of his outcries over such trumpery affairs as the handful of stones thrown by some Belgian ragamuffins at his windows would have disgraced Bob Acres, and his grandiose indignation over them would have done credit to Pistol. He was more incorrect in general matters than Mr. Froude, and as incapable of believing anything but what it suited him to believe as Mr. Gladstone. His political tergiversations are chiefly to be excused by the fact that from his boyhood to his dying day he never had a single rational or reasoned political idea in his head. His magnificent periods, towering to heaven, wrought like his own cathedrals, dazzling the eye within and without with their unrivalled architecture, were often as empty as the demoniac's house, and not unfrequently, when they had anything in them, had similar occupants. His parade of learning was false, if not positively dishonest; and his parade of the domestic affections was compatible with the cruellest treatment of those who were nearest, and should have been dearest, to him. All this was known, we say, to every one who knew years and years ago; and all this did not prevent him from being the greatest poet of France, and one of the great poets of the world.

M. Biré, who does not deny the greatness of his poetry, who is an extraordinarily patient and well-informed critic, and who may justly plead that he did not wait for Hugo's death to begin his portrait of "the real Hugo," had a perfect right to oppose the idle Hugolatry which prevailed a few years ago, if he chose, and to convict of folly the fools who will have it that a great poet must necessarily be a great man. But we wish he had not, as he too often seems to have, leaned to the other folly, that one who is not a great man cannot be a great poet. We wish he had not indulged in the niggling and meticulous detraction at which we have glanced above in our Croker-Macaulay parallel; and we wish most of all that he had not disclosed an obvious and misleading *parti pris*. The Hugonic inaccuracy was, as we have said, ultra-Gladstonian, and it had the very awkward quality of being generally subservient to some legend glorifying Hugo. But, after a certain number of proofs that Victor said such a book appeared on the first instead of the second of the month, that it had ten editions instead of five, and so forth, one becomes weary, restive, teased. "Agreed! agreed!" one says; "he was, morally, a *poivre sûr* enough; we don't deny it; we don't defend it; we are not of the silly folk who do either. But, after all, he wrote *Gastibelza* and the *Aventuriers de la Mer*, the *Chasseur noir* and *Evaradus*, the awakening of Triboulet, and the passage of the statues in *Les quatre vents de l'esprit*. What have you to say to that?" If M. Biré had said nothing, but in Hugonic phrase had observed that he was merely a moral *justicier*, it might still have been tolerable. But he does say something, and while professing great admiration for Hugo's literary qualities, he finds fault with *Le roi s'amuse*, why? because it degrades the character of that immaculate monarch Francis I., who lived and died (especially died) in the odour of sanctity—with *Lucrezia Borgia*, why? because it is naughty to hold up a Pope's daughter to hatred and contempt—with certain verses in *Les chants du crépuscule*, why? because the lady's name to whom they were addressed was not Adèle, but Juliette. All this shows, not only such distinct *animus*, but also such distinct lack of criticism, that we become a little suspicious of M. Biré elsewhere. Hugo, we admit, was quite capable of getting a reviewer who had offended him turned off a paper, even though he was (like the hare in the story) *père de famille*. But we should like some better authority than the bare word of M. Désiré Nisard, the evicted paterfamilias, who told M. Biré the blood-curdling history. And we fear Hugo was also capable of winking at an attack on Dumas. But we have absolutely no evidence, except gossip, that he did, and the positive assertion of the admitted author of the attack that he did not. In short, M. Biré is so relentless and so long-winded in his persecution that he creates sympathy for the persecuted—a gross and not uncommon blunder. His book, no doubt, will be one of the main sources of Hugonic biography, and we imagine that its facts are as trustworthy as they are carefully arranged. But it overshoots the mark, it overvaults the horse.

(1) *Victor Hugo après 1830*. Par Edmond Biré. Deux tomes. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE County Council Year-Book (T. B. Browne, 163 Queen Victoria Street) appears to be very well done, and gives a great deal of information which, in view of the approaching election, should be useful to Londoners. It is literally appalling to read of the powers entrusted to a body like the present London Council—a body which not one Londoner in ten regards with any feelings except distrust and contempt; which nevertheless they allowed to be elected without a murmur, deceived by the lying spirit which assured them that the election would not turn on party questions. The last election taught, or should have taught us, two things:—that the Radical party, as a party, are absolutely indifferent to truth and honour; and that female voters are not to be trusted. The County Council election was, though it ought not to have been, necessary to teach us these two things. If we suffer again from the first, we have only ourselves to blame. The second is not an unmixed evil, as it has postponed female "emancipation" for a generation at least. Mr. Browne supplements his lists of councillors with excellent papers by competent writers on "Housing the Working Classes," "County Finance," "Medical Officers," and "Sanitary Inspection." The first of these papers, unfortunately, is calculated to mar the efficacy of the others. It is, in fact, a kind of manifesto of what the Radicals intend to ask if they are again successful at the London polls. Forewarned should be, but with the Conservatives never is, forearmed. The portraits of eminent County Councillors, by a special process, are sometimes very good.

We have received the eighteenth annual issue of *Willing's, late May's, British and Irish Press Guide* (162 Piccadilly), a useful book of reference. *Hand Craft* (Griffith & Farran), by John D. Sutcliffe, with a preface by T. C. Horsfall, professes to be a textbook of "the most reliable basis of technical education in schools and classes," and "embodying a system of pure mechanical art, without the aid of machinery, being an English exposition of *Sjöjd* as cultivated in Sweden, and generally adopted by all Scandinavian peoples to their great advantage." All this and more is on the title-page. The craft, such as it is, seems to be a device to teach people to make things badly by hand which are just as easily, with machinery, made well. The English "leaves to seek," but is at least fairly clear.

Science in Elementary Schools, by Sir Henry Acland (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is an address delivered at the School of the Royal Institution at Liverpool in December last. Few Englishmen have succeeded like Faraday in illuminating a mouldy and abstruse subject with life and interest.

We have received *The Musical Year-Book of the United States* (Worcester, Mass.: Hamilton), being the eighth annual issue. In the preface we are introduced to what seems to be a new word in the American language:—"If this volume fails to note any significant happening in music during the season now ended," &c. "Significant happening" might be useful, even in this played-out country.

Every one will welcome a new edition of Mr. F. T. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, by far the best collection of the kind in the language. Some old poems have been added in the first part; and the truncated and meaningless extract from Hood's "Death Bed" has been expanded to its full length.

Dante and his Ideal (Swan Sonnenschein), by Herbert Baynes, is an attempt to lay before English readers "a consistent view of Dante's trilogy according to the well-known theory of the late Dr. Karl Witte."

Every country schoolmaster ought to become forthwith possessed of a copy of Mr. Gordon's *Our Country's Flowers* (Day). It is prefaced by the Rev. George Henslow, and illustrated by Mr. Allen with more than a thousand examples in colour and outline, and at a price which brings it within the reach of all. Children always want to know the names of the flowers they gather on the way to school. The plants are here arranged according to their natural order and with their common names. Efforts have evidently been made not to enhance unduly the expense of the production, so as to give as much as possible at the lowest cost. The colours are very garish, which means few printings. To have drawn the flowers more picturesquely would have wasted space. The descriptions are not always immediately opposite to the plates; but the work is kept within a small compass.

With Sack and Stock in Alaska (Longmans), by George Broke, would be very valuable to any one who intends to take the same trip, as Mr. Broke's diary enables the reader to judge what inconveniences will probably arise in a remote and ice-bound country like North-Western America, and how far the game is worth the candle. At all events, two pairs of snow spectacles will be necessary, in case of accidents.

Lays of a Lazy Lawyer (Lendenhall Press), by Al-So, is a collection of good old-fashioned doggerel. People who will not swear may obtain relief by rhyming, and some may obtain it by reading other people's rhymes, and forget their own grievances in another's. Thus this verse may have a beneficial effect on a disappointed clergyman:—

Some wicked folk have stated
That the Bishops are created
For the reason that some M.P.s are made Lords:
'Tis political devotion
Earns the mitres as promotion,
They're, in other words, political rewards.

Test-Cards in Chemical Arithmetic (Percival), by Ebenezer J. Cox, are intended to supplement the same author's text-book on Chemical Arithmetic. One of these formulas catches the eye directly:—"Find the percentage composition of BaCO_3 ." We can answer for the residuum—ashes—and for the pleasure to be enjoyed in making the analysis. The answers are given on separate cards.

A new edition of *John Inglesant* (Macmillan), by J. H. Short-house, has on the back of the title a list of the numerous previous issues of this popular book. This is a step in the right direction. *Hereward the Wake* (Macmillan), by Charles Kingsley, is issued at 6d.

We are glad to see a second edition of *Ionica* (George Allen); and of a very different book, *Later Leaves*, being the further reminiscences of Mr. Montagu Williams (Macmillan).

Four Years in Parliament (Cassell), by C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P., has reached a third edition. It is not much recommended by a quotation on the title-page; but Mr. Cooke is really a good Tory, and should have known better.

Thacker's Reduced Survey Map of India (Calcutta: Thacker & Spink) is edited by J. G. Bartholomew, and comes to us neatly mounted on thin strong calico. It contains more than 10,000 names, and is remarkably clear and easy of reference. Mr. Rudyard Kipling assumes a new meaning when we read him with such a map as this at our elbow.

Letters to Living Artists (Elkin Mathews) appear to be, but are not distinctly described as, reprints from a periodical. The writer makes some very pointed remarks as to the present state of English art, but is hardly on ground of his own sufficiently secure. He sees the faults and shortcomings of our greatest artists; but, though he can state them, he cannot correct them. He also sometimes forgets that mere invective is not criticism, and is dangerously apt to recoil on the writer who uses it. His description of Sir J. E. Millais, for example, is very little beyond abuse, and Mr. Sargent seems to be the only artist he unreservedly admires. Yet it might not be very difficult to show that what he praises in the one is exactly what he condemns in the other.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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